The Nation.

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The Week.

When Congress met last December, the new President was very strong with the people, and his championship of Cuban reciprocity seemed to assure the early enactment of the needed law. The Republicans controlled each branch of Congress by a good majority, and the party was supposed to be in a fair state of discipline. It was expected that the managers would frame a programme of action, and then carry it through with ease. There was no danger of harm from the Opposition, for the Democrats lacked inspiring leadership in both Senate and House, and they were united upon no definite policy on any of the great questions of the day. On the surface it appeared as though the majority had before them only a task which was simple for a powerful organization, and might soon go home to administer another defeat to the headless mob of Democrats. The end of the session, which is now within sight, finds a startling transformation. Party management has broken down among the Republicans of each branch. The Speaker and his Republican associates on the Committee on Rules in the House have utterly lost control of that body, which they had previously ruled with a rod of iron. They were beaten on the great issue of Cuban reciprocity by a revolt which has left them practically helpless. On the same issue, the older party leaders in the Senate—Aldrich of Rhode Island, Platt of Connecticut, and Spooner of Wisconsin—have been overthrown by a like revolt, largely promoted by the younger element, which used meekly to take orders from the seniors. Party discipline is at an end, and Congressmen will soon leave Washington to enter upon a campaign which has no accepted party policy as its sure base.

Afterthoughts about such a melancholy business may be bitter, but they are instructive. Where President Roosevelt made his mistakes must now be obvious even to himself. His first one was to take up with the notion that tariff relief for Cuba must be obtained by Republican votes. Party harmony he put first. But that meant the placing of himself in the hands of the party manipulators. That again meant endless delay, and the adjournment of an appeal to the people, over the heads of the politicians, until it was too late. It must be a cause of deep chagrin to Mr. Roosevelt to find, as he has done, that the rank and file of the party and the people as a whole were ready to stand with him in this Cuban business, and that if he had gone directly to the country betimes, he could have elicited a popular response which would have bent Congress before it. But he was beguiled by the party managers, and they have played him false. The supreme effort for party "harmony" has ended in an unexampled disruption, and Cuba is brutally and, as the President himself has said, dishonorably abandoned.

The latest reports from Cuba are all of the same tenor. Many sugar estates are suspending work, and the largest ones dismissing every employee who can possibly be dispensed with, while merchants and bankers everywhere report a growing stagnation of business. "The country is faced by financial destitution," reports the *Herald's* Havana correspondent, who adds that "it is folly to attempt to deny or refute the extreme precariousness of the situation." How long this state of affairs can continue without there being actual need of food among the poor people is debatable; but it is quite within the range of possibility that, within the twelvemonth, relief ships bound for Havana will leave New York just as the Red Cross and Government vessels carried food to the starving in 1898 and 1899. Should this take place, private generosity will be compelled to undo the work, not of Weyler or Weylerism, but of the Congress of the United States obedient to the wishes of the beet-sugar growers. This is a probability of the early future which must not be lost sight of in the current discussion of the Cuban situation. It is idle to talk of action at the next session of Congress as being in time. The mischief has been done, and it is all the more serious because the Cubans have been buoyed up and induced to make temporary arrangements by unceasing assurances that Congress would come to their rescue —*mañana*. There is, happily, not the slightest reason to believe that the people of the United States relish being put in the position of heartlessly driving a new-born neighboring nation into starvation and ruin.

Now that our Cuban Reciprocity Bill is strangled, the question becomes an important one whether Cuba can negotiate a treaty on similar lines with any other country. The first section of the Platt amendment says:

"That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power, or Powers, which will impair, or tend to impair, the independence of Cuba; nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign Power, or Powers, to obtain by colonization, or for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in, or control over, any portion of said island."

Does this provision prevent Cuba from negotiating a treaty of reciprocity with England, for example, whereby Cuban sugar should be admitted at half the present rates of the British tariff, and British manufactures be admitted at half the rates of the Cuban tariff—the full rates being charged on those of the United States? If this question were referred to the Hague tribunal for a decision on its merits, the answer would undoubtedly be that such a treaty would not impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba. But a more important question is whether we should refer it to the Hague tribunal, or decide it ourselves in accordance with our own interests. Looking at it from the point of view of national good faith, it would seem entirely clear that, after the offer of reciprocity with Cuba had been presented to and rejected by us, we could raise no objection against a similar treaty between Cuba and any other country.

While Cuba might enter into negotiations for a treaty of reciprocal trade based upon a low duty on sugar, there are some practical difficulties on the side of England which would probably prevent his Majesty's Government from entertaining the proposal. In the first place, the British duty on sugar is needed for revenue, and if the question were raised of lowering any tax, the bread tax would have to come off first. Moreover, the British Government has entered into an agreement with the beet-sugar countries not to give any preferential rates to British sugar-growing colonies. This is one of the terms of the Brussels convention by which the export bounties of the Continent are to be abolished. Now England cannot grant preferential rates to Cuban sugar without ruining her own colonies, which are barely able to survive on even terms. And there is no other country, except possibly Spain, that could grant terms to Cuba in the way of reciprocity which would be of any real advantage to her, and that would not be much. Her present difficulty is most likely to be solved in another way. There is now presented an opportunity for political parties in the United States to run a race with each other for annexation.

One of the statements made by President Mitchell has a significance far wider than that he gave it. It is that, during 1901, the mines were in operation only 194½ days—but two-thirds of the working year. That is, in a time of great prosperity and unusual demand for anthracite, only two-thirds as much

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coal was mined as might have been. Why was this? Why did not Mr. Mitchell's "magnates," greedy of gain as they are by hypothesis, work the mines to the full capacity? Obviously, there is but one answer. The production of anthracite steadily outruns consumption. That means that the marketing of hard coal is a precarious business; that the output has to be restricted, and distribution carefully planned—otherwise there will be a glut. And always the shadow of the increasing competition of soft coal falls upon the operators. So that it was into an industry thus nicely balanced, and so easily demoralized, that a labor-union ventured to thrust a disturbing strike which half its own membership felt to be unwise and unnecessary! Look at the matter in another way. Even in prosperous times the operators can work their mines but 200 days a year. That gives them a margin of 100 days for any strike. Until that length of time has elapsed, the enforced idleness of a strike is only that which the natural conditions of the business require. Thus the present strike might go on for fifty days more without really curtailing the year's product. This is only one of the many lights in which the strike appears the height of unreason.

The spectacle of Mr. Bryan calling Mr. Cleveland back to Democracy pure and undefiled is more amusing than edifying; but while the editor of the *Commoner* is on the subject of Democratic principles, he should be referred to the following, of which he appears oblivious: There were Democrats and a Democracy before Mr. Bryan, even if he is unable to see the pre-Bryanite kind, for whom Mr. Cleveland speaks. Another Democratic principle is this, that the majority rules. And when Mr. Bryan sees the Democracy of crucial States like Indiana and Illinois repudiate him and his political nostrums, he has nothing to do but submit and withdraw. It might be added that for the greatest party wrecker of modern times to accuse Mr. Cleveland of seeking the disruption of the Democracy, is somewhat in the nature of a compliment, for President Cleveland honestly took the chance of setting personal integrity against party solidarity, while Mr. Bryan has twice gathered his party round him in the same geyser of financial heresy, and has twice wondered why they were all blown very high, scattered very wide, and muddied exceedingly. He would be glad to try it again. The Democrats who have twice been hoisted with him feel otherwise, and such an expression of temper as his comment upon ex-President Cleveland's recent activity must be taken as an indication that even Mr. Bryan begins to see the Democrats are heartily sick of him.

The late Gen. Palmer used to say that he could count on coming into fashion in Illinois about once every ten years. This seems to be somewhat the experience in Pennsylvania of ex-Gov. Pattison, who, despite Quay's expressed intention to see to it that the Democrats nominate somebody who would be easy to beat, may be a candidate for a third term this year. Mr. Pattison was elected Governor in 1882, and again in 1890, and behaved creditably each time. Last year he headed the movement among Democrats which was a protest against Quay's debauchery of the minority party in Pennsylvania, and in so doing exhibited great vigor and courage. His candidacy this year would be one to which independent voters would find it difficult to refuse support, especially in view of the fact that Quay has accepted as a personal victory, as well he may, the nomination of Judge Pennypacker by the Republicans. It may seem surprising to speak of Pennsylvania as a doubtful State, but it is a fact that in the last five contests over the Governorship a Democrat has been twice elected, and that last year the Republican plurality was cut down to much less than half that polled in the Presidential year just preceding. This plurality of last year, according to the frank confession of the Philadelphia *Press*, was doubtless almost wholly due to fraudulent voting. If ex-Gov. Pattison is to run again this year, the chief issue will centre about the reform of the election system. Partly on account of the peculiarities of the Constitution, now amended, and partly through the evil influences of the Quay machine, Pennsylvania is far behind her sister States in safeguarding the ballot. There is no personal-registration law, no primary law worthy of the name, and election frauds are fostered rather than prevented. Despite the personal integrity of Judge Pennypacker, his election, with a Republican Legislature, would doubtless mean the continuance of the present election system, for it is the system on which Quay's power is based.

This is a startling story which comes from Illinois—that the white people in the neighborhood of a school for the education of black children have been trying to break it up; that the buildings have been injured, the crops destroyed, and the teachers and pupils driven in terror from the neighborhood on the eve of the commencement exercises; and that the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church in the town has been warned by a mob to leave within twenty-four hours, under penalty of death. This seems an incredible tale to come from the State of Abraham Lincoln, but its truth is conceded by the Chicago *Tribune*. The place is Eldorado, in Saline County, in the southeastern part of Illinois, and the school was a normal and industrial institute, after the model of Tuskegee in Alabama, designed to instruct young negroes in trades and agriculture. No less disgraceful are the reports which come simultaneously from Indiana, of the shameful abuse of blacks by whites in various parts of that State. There are two famous health resorts in Orange County, in the southern section of the commonwealth, where negroes have been employed as waiters at the hotels. Within a few days they have been warned to leave, and threatened with death if they attempt to stay. Adams County is in the northeastern part of the State, and some blacks recently came to Decatur, its chief town, mainly as domestic servants; but they were soon driven out by a white mob, which forced their employers to promise that they would never again hire a negro for any purpose. Politics does not appear to have anything to do with this matter, for although Adams County is strongly Democratic, Orange is safely Republican, and the same is true of Saline County in Illinois. What are the people of Indiana and Illinois going to do about such things as these? Will they content themselves with lecturing the whites of the South because the blacks are not treated fairly in that part of the country?

"Considerable surprise," the Manila dispatches say, was caused last week by the testimony of the ex-insurgent leader Malvar. He was called as a witness for Major Gardener respecting conditions in the province of Tayabas, and revealed to the astonished Americans that all their municipal governments there were really in sympathy with the insurrection. Every municipal officer, said Gen. Malvar, who was drawing pay under American rule, really took orders from this insurgent commander, and constantly furnished him with supplies. He went on to say that there was not one native in any of those towns truly friendly to the Americans. This is telling evidence, not only for the accuracy of Major Gardener's description of the state of affairs, but also for the continued existence of a pervasive and settled aversion to our rule throughout the islands. This is the element of the problem which should appall our Imperialists. A disaffected population of 10,000,000 we cannot hold in perpetual and sullen subjugation. There is no American way of governing people who obstinately and year after year, defeated and disarmed, but not dismayed, go on insisting that they are determined to govern themselves. If we are bent on subduing the Filipinos, our task is scarcely begun. We have yet to break the unconquerable will and turn obdurate hate to friendship; and we have neither the weapons nor the resources to accomplish that.

We should be glad to believe that Admiral Crowninshield is right, and Capt. Dayton and Consul Johnson wrong, in

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the conclusions they have respectively reached regarding the conduct of the officers of the *Chicago* who were arrested and imprisoned for disorderly conduct in Venice. Admiral Crowninshield's finding is at variance with that of Capt. Dayton, and both are based upon the same evidence. The Admiral admits the loud noise and the upsetting of chairs and tables. He says that the conduct of the officers may have been indiscreet and lacking in dignity, but that the evidence does not show that they were noticeably under the influence of liquor. Whether a man is noticeably under the influence of liquor or not can be best determined by his noticeable acts. If two sets of judges differ on this question, people at a distance from the scene will be apt to consider the loud noise, the upsetting of furniture, and the want of dignity as evidence of a drop too much.

On the eve of his coronation, King Edward has been stricken with appendicitis in so serious a form that an operation became necessary. The official bulletin announcing the success of the operation will hardly lessen the general solicitude until there is some assurance that the royal sufferer is really beyond danger from surgical shock. Meanwhile his heredity and his own robust physique give good hope of recovery. It is now clear, in spite of official denials, that the King has for some days struggled against increasing disability, and that he had determined, rather than to disappoint his people and the guests of the nation, to assume the crown under conditions of great weakness and of actual pain, facing immediately after the coronation grave peril to health and perhaps to life. But no man may long resist a disease which gnaws at his entrails, and the King and his subjects must be content to receive, instead of the congratulations of their friends and the formal felicitations of their foes, the world's sympathy.

Highly significant was the declaration of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer last week, that the Government does not propose, by means of the grain duty, to revolutionize its fiscal policy, and, specifically, does not contemplate any system of preferential trade with the colonies that would entail a tariff war with other countries. This is the next high card which Mr. Chamberlain is obviously getting ready to play. But if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the other free-traders of the Cabinet are in the majority, as would appear from the Chancellor's statement, there will be nothing but a meaningless coquetting with the colonial Premiers. They would not turn their hands over for any system of all-British trade which did not involve serious discrimination against the commerce of other countries. But if the latter is ruled out, as Sir Michael says it is in advance, then the whole gaudy scheme of preferential trade within the Empire falls like a pricked balloon.

Lord Charles Beresford has long been the *enfant terrible* of the British navy and of the Conservative party. His present assault upon the Admiralty for extravagance and inefficiency is made as a member of Parliament; but, while still in command of the Mediterranean squadron, he had delivered similar attacks. In that course he was clearly insubordinate, as he himself confessed when the matter was brought up in the Commons, a few days ago. "I admit that I did wrong, yet I was quite right to do it," was his sailor-like simplicity in defence. While still Admiral, he had also arraigned his superiors in a speech before the Institute of Naval Architects, at the end of which he said defiantly, "If the authorities can prove what I say to be untrue, then they can turn me out of the navy by means of a court-martial." Another of his bluff indiscretions was his reference, during the Boer war, to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Balfour collectively as "that ludicrous comedy called the Committee of National Defence." In spite, however, of his breezy, hornpipe manner, Lord Charles is an able man and a formidable debater; and, as he has reentered Parliament with the avowed purpose of rattling the dry bones at the Admiralty, the naval authorities will doubtless hear a good deal of uncomfortably plain speaking from him.

The total cost to England of the Boer war, including the estimates for the year ending March 31, 1903, is £222,974,000, or about $1,100,000,000. A pamphlet of the Cobden Club shows that this is sufficient to establish fifty universities, while Oxford and Cambridge are desperately poor and hardly able to keep their heads above water. This money has been spent "in the partial devastation of two British colonies, and the almost complete devastation of two neighboring republics." Of the money so spent £159,000,000 has been, or is to be, borrowed. The increase of taxation of the United Kingdom since the beginning of the war is £34,173,000 for the current year, and of this sum £17,600,000, or more than one-half, has been the increase of the income tax. This is the proper place to look for the means of carrying on a war, and we can understand how it happens that some of the titled classes, after footing their income-tax bills, asked to be excused from the coronation ceremonies on the ground of expense.

Tot homines, tot sententiæ, was once mistranslated, "He is as many men as he expresses opinions," and this motto for a versatile genius seems made expressly for the Kaiser, who sometimes seems to be as many men as he makes speeches. It is this pronounced histrionic character which largely constitutes the charm of the man for his contemporaries, and especially for his brothers in spirit, the journalists. In recent days, being at the historic castle of Marienburg, the former seat of the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, he felt the spirit of the place, and virtually preached again the crusade against the Slavs and Lithuanians. It was a prime indiscretion in view of the present condition of the Polish question. Only the other day, in Aix-la-Chapelle, where the bones of Charlemagne lie and the city is redolent of ancient piety, he preached the gospel of peace, and declared religious faith to be the only foundation for an enduring empire. This shows a sense of environment which we usually associate only with the artistic temperament. It is certainly rare enough among rulers. Certainly one corner-stone speech of the present King of England has been very like another in glory, and the tendency of the age is towards a correctly uniform official utterance. The charm of the German Emperor, as well as his more striking defects, seems to rest upon an impressionableness which rulers seldom possess and still more rarely indulge. Such a view of his character will do much to disarm the mistrust of those who have required from him a consistency quite incompatible with the histrionic temperament.

The withdrawal of the Russian representative of the Tien-Tsin provisional government leaves the other allied commanders in an ungrateful position. So clearly is this seen that the Pekin correspondent of the London *Times* urges England to take the same step, with Italy and Japan, leaving to Germany the odium of fixing the conditions of retrocession to a Chinese viceroy. Such action would seem to be inadvisable, for whatever credit with the Yamen is to be got from breaking faith with the Allied Powers, Russia already has by right of priority. It is hard to see what the other commanders could win by a tardy disavowal of their agreement, unless it were the contempt of the Chinese. The action of Russia is in the highest degree astute. She wins at a cheap price the reputation for magnanimity, meanwhile retaining such an advantage that she can pay for her own magnanimity in Chinese land and trade at her own convenience and at her own valuation. Diplomacy has little new to learn in the article, *Slavica fides*, but such an incident as the withdrawal of the Russian contingent from Tien-Tsin certainly emphasizes the value and importance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

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MR. CLEVELAND'S ADVICE.

It was fitting that the movement to revive the memory and to renew the teachings and example of Samuel J. Tilden in the Democratic party should look to Grover Cleveland for inspiration. Leadership in the party sense it must seek elsewhere, but it cannot hope to find a better type of leader, either in its past or its present membership, than in the person of the ex-President. Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor and President in the early eighties by virtue of his character, and not by means of skilful electioneering or the expenditure of money, or by tremendous efforts to "bring out the vote." He was chosen by his party, and the choice was ratified by the people, because it was the common belief that he could be depended upon to do the right thing in any emergency, and that he could not be pushed from the path of duty either by party leaders or by popular clamor.

Mr. Tilden was himself a man of this type, and it was for this same reason that he was nominated and presumably elected in 1876. Mr. Cleveland was the true successor of Mr. Tilden, but he has had no successor in the Democratic party—none who had both the qualities and the abilities to command a great following and to brush aside the opposition of spoilsmen, place-hunters, and corruptionists. Mr. Bryan, who became his successor in the leadership, is not a spoilsman or a corruptionist, but he has never commanded the respect of both political parties in the sense that Mr. Cleveland did and does, and hence could not win the independent and unclassified vote which was given to Mr. Cleveland. The movement at which the ex-President assisted on Thursday evening cannot be called a new Cleveland movement, but if it shall prove to be one of like purpose and intent with the Cleveland movement of 1884, it will be an omen of good cheer to the party to which he belongs, and to the American people as a whole. It is a pleasure to know that the audience received Mr. Cleveland and his speech with real enthusiasm.

In his remarks Mr. Cleveland confined himself to domestic affairs exclusively, and chiefly to Trusts and the tariff. On these subjects he said:

> "Democracy has already in store the doctrines for which it fights its successful battles; and it will have them in store as long as the people are kept from their own, and just so long as their rights and interests are sacrificed—by favoritism in Government care; by inequality in Government burdens; by the encouragement of huge industrial aggregations that throttle individual enterprise; by the reckless waste of public money; and by the greatest of all injuries, as it underlies nearly all others, a system of tariff taxation whose robbing exactions are far beyond the needs of economical and legitimate Government expenditure, which purchases support by appeals to sordidness and greed, and which continually corrupts the public conscience."

"What! has he come back to the tariff?" is the exclamation of the Republican newspapers. Yes, and he is not the only one. Notwithstanding the seeming indifference to that subject which the Washington politicians assume, there is nothing which gives them so much anxiety at this moment as the tariff, and the industrial combines which are based upon it. Chairman Babcock, with his bill to repeal the duties on monopolized articles, represents a mighty political force lying between the Pacific Ocean and the Great Lakes, which may be turned against the Republican party at any moment. It is composed of both farmers and manufacturers—farmers who see the prices of iron and steel in all forms rising while their own products are either stationary or falling in price, manufacturers who are looking for foreign markets for their surplus productions, and who have repeatedly but vainly asked for the ratification of McKinley's reciprocity treaties.

Both these classes have read in the newspapers how billions of dollars are tossed this way and that way in the consolidations and combinations and stock-watering jobs of the present day. They believe that in most cases these operations are made possible by the tariff, which excludes competing goods from foreign countries. They have been so told by many Republicans besides Chairman Babcock. Even the late Senator Sherman so said to them when he was at the maximum of his powers, and he too said that he would vote to repeal every duty behind which a Trust had taken shelter.

The beneficiaries of this system reply that the rise in the prices of protected articles is due not to the tariff, but to business conditions at home, and that this is especially true of steel and iron products. This may be true. It may be true also that there would not be much importation of these things even if the tariff were repealed; but this goes to show that the tariff is unnecessary, and that it is kept merely to prevent competition at some future time when conditions shall have changed. In one way and another, the opinion has gained lodgment in the Northwest and in the far West that the East has obtained an artificial advantage over them in the distribution of the national earnings and of the national wealth, and that this is due in part to tariff legislation. This is what Chairman Babcock stands for; and what he says, a great number of Senators and Representatives feel. These facts explain the recent caucus at the White House at which the question of tariff reform was considered. Mr. Cleveland has merely given public utterance to what both parties are deeply pondering, and it is even possible that more Republicans than Democrats are lying awake o' nights thinking about it.

It is only natural that the professional politicians should make light of Mr. Cleveland's return to active politics. They know the weight of his heel, and he knows the secret thrust of their knives. Friendship between them there cannot be. But the regeneration of the Democratic party, which is so earnestly to be desired, is not likely to come through Mr. Sheehan, or Mr. Hill, or Mr. Cantor, or, in fact, through any of the leaders at present in sight. These may render a valuable service, but only on condition that they stand ready to serve loyally the new leader which the now disinfected and de-Bryanized Democracy must soon produce. Such loyalty is scarcely to be expected from Mr. Hill; and the belittling of Mr. Cleveland's share in the party councils bears every mark of his inspiration. But Mr. Cleveland's influence is of a kind which Mr. Hill can do little to minimize. The former's strength is with that remnant which, through all aberrations of the organization, has held fast to Democratic principles. He represents that historic morale through a revival of which alone the Democratic party can became fit either for effective opposition or for government. As the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says: "The Democratic politicians here, the great mass of whom were hurled into place and power by the convulsion of Bryanism in 1896, are unable to make noise enongh to drown out the response of the country to the ex-President's appeal."

THE BEST CANAL ASSURED.

There can be no doubt that the House will say ditto to the Senate, in the matter of the Isthmian Canal Bill, and that, accordingly, the Panama route will be adopted by the Congress of the United States. Thursday's vote in the Senate followed a long and exhaustive debate, in which all the facts available were clearly set forth. The previous action of the House in designating the Nicaragua route was taken in haste and ignorance, before the final report of our Canal Commissioners had been made public, and should not stand, nor will it, against the deliberate decision of the Senate. In choosing Panama, Congress will only be bowing to the opinion of the country as well as of expert engineers.

How sweeping a revolution in public sentiment this final decision represents is within the memory of all. For many years the Nicaragua motley was the only wear in this country. No other route was talked about or thought of. As recently as 1899, to so much as mention Panama was to expose yourself to derision or insult. The *Evening Post* was the first and for a long time the only American newspaper of any consequence to maintain that the Panama route was the better—and well hooted at it was for its simple-mindedness, or else its venality. It had superior good for-

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tune in early getting possession of the material which showed the strength of the Panama case. It was lack of familiarity with this which made the American press and public so daft on the subject of Nicaragua. The latter word had a kind of sacred authority and blessedness. Panama was a thing of hissing and contempt. No wonder, therefore, that it was difficult, and took years, to get people to look calmly into the merits of the Panama Canal. Once attention and impartial investigation were obtained, fair-mindedness and the weight of argument did the rest. The result we now see.

We consider it one of the most gratifying triumphs of reason over prejudice that this country has ever seen. The Nicaragua route was not so much a project as a mania, a cult. We see, in the case of Senator Morgan, how it became bound up with the deepest religious beliefs. In his eyes, to-day, the American people stand convicted of national apostasy in having abandoned the true Nicaraguan faith. Yet his enthusiasm was only a little more extravagant than that which afflicted nine-tenths of our population but a little while ago. Nicaragua seemed impregnably intrenched. Both political parties were for it; the press was almost a unit in advocating it; a formidable array of engineers and military men stood for it, and it was backed by powerful financial interests. Yet the whole frowning fortress has now been battered down by simple common sense. Expert opinion was first won over. The International Technical Commission made a report in favor of Panama in 1898 which had a great effect on all engineers. Then followed our own Commission, whose researches on the spot first resulted in the conversion of some of its members—Admiral Walker notably—and slowly and in the end led to the great revulsion of sentiment which had its crowning demonstration in the vote of the Senate last week. It is a fine and inspiring example of what the persuasive power of truth can do with a democracy. We Americans have not, perhaps, that swift lucidity of which the French boast, but we have, at any rate, as the final choice of the Panama route proves, a practical love of the truth and a business capacity—a "horse sense," let us say—which work well in the long run. The success won by steady hammering in this affair of the Isthmian Canal should be an encouragement to every reformer with a good cause and sound arguments. They will come to their own with the American democracy, granted time and patience.

That the canal would be built was long ago assured; now, we have every reason to believe, it will be built at the best location and within the shortest time. We will not again go over the case for Panama superiority. It was stated admirably, and in a condensed form, by Col. Hains of the Commission, in a communication to Senator Hanna which was read in the Senate on Wednesday, and which we reprint for its compact force:

"The considerations that determined my decision in favor of the Panama route are:
"(*a*) Shorter length of canal.
"(*b*) Fewer and less difficult obstacles to be overcome.
"(*c*) A more thorough knowledge of the physical difficulties.
"(*d*) The less total amount of curvature.
"(*e*) The more moderate degree of curvature—that is, the greater proportionate length of canal that approaches a straight line.
"(*f*) The lower summit level. It will be necessary on the Nicaragua route to raise and lower ships to a vertical height of 104 feet, while at Panama the lift is only 82 feet, an advantage of 22 feet in favor of Panama. Moreover, the height could be still further reduced at Panama, but it cannot be reduced at Nicaragua.
"(*g*) The greater ease with which the level of Lake Bohio can be regulated as compared with Lake Nicaragua. The level of Lake Bohio is regulated automatically, and water taken from it for regulation is taken at a distance from the sailing line, whereas in Nicaragua the regulation is necessarily effected by a system of sluices worked by man, and the water, instead of being taken from the lake direct, is taken through a long stretch of river which is used by navigation. This will produce currents in some of the bends, which navigators would prefer to avoid.
"(*h*) The largely diminished cost of maintenance.
"(*i*) The belief that, if the United States builds a canal at Panama, a canal in competition would never be built anywhere else.
"(*j*) Because the actual time of transit will be less.
"(*k*) Because the dangers of temporary obstruction are less in proportion to the length of the canal.
"(*l*) Because a railroad is already constructed and fully equipped."

These were the arguments which converted Col. Hains and all the other experts whose prepossessions were in favor of Nicaragua. It is reasoning which will satisfy the country. The Spooner substitute for the Hepburn bill was carefully and skilfully drawn, and there is every prospect that, under its terms, all the preliminary work of taking title from the Panama Company and ratifying the treaty with Colombia will speedily be got through with, and the actual digging of the canal under American control begun. Then will the dream of a hundred years take on the semblance of reality.

THE MINERS' DEFENCE.

One comment on the statement of the Mine Workers, published on Monday morning, must rise to every lip: it is inexcusably belated. Whatever else may be said of it, this may be said—it is six weeks overdue. President Mitchell is uneasily aware that he is too late with his defence, but his excuse for delaying it only heightens the awkwardness of his bringing it forward at this hour. If his "plain unvarnished facts" were at his command when the strike was ordered, why did he not then give them to the light? A decent regard for that public to the sympathy of which he appealed, and on which he was proceeding to inflict so great inconvenience and loss, should have made him prompt and explicit with his statement of grievances. To-day it necessarily wears the air of an afterthought. Even as such, however, it requires candid examination, for it is certainly temperate in tone and plausible in sound. To the careful reader it will appear, we think, to be a mixture of a small amount of well-founded complaint, and no little confession and avoidance, with a great deal of fallacious reasoning and an inability to see, or unwillingness to admit, the real motive of the strike and the true explanation of the refusal of the operators to arbitrate.

To begin with the valid parts of the case, we are bound to concede, as in fact we have done from the first, that the increased cost of living during the year past might well have made the miners discontented with a stationary wage. This has been to very many the seamy side of our lauded prosperity. A fixed salary, combined with advancing prices of food and clothing, has been the unhappy lot of thousands during the "boom." One could have wished for a more exact miners' budget than Mr. Mitchell gives us. He states the increased cost of living at between 30 and 40 per cent., which is doubtless too high and certainly too vague; but we are prepared to believe that enhanced expenses have, in reality, fully eaten up the increase in wages and the steadier employment which the miners enjoyed last year. Nor can we doubt that the mixing up of the railroad business with that of mining does, as President Mitchell asserts, lead to a good deal of bookkeepers' juggling, and makes it very difficult to say just what the actual cost of production is in the case of anthracite coal. Finally, we believe that the miners have had a just though minor grievance in the method of weighing their coal at the pit's mouth, open as it is to abuses at their expense.

But when all this has been allowed, the strength of the miners' defence is exhausted; and even this strength has been practically destroyed by their reckless course in striking first and telling why six weeks afterwards. If the case of the miners, including only the points now mentioned, had been freely made public on May 1, we think it would have put the operators to their trumps. They would have had to make an absolutely crushing reply in order to carry popular sympathy with them in their refusal to arbitrate. At present, however, the statement comes too much as the despairing resort of alarmed leaders, who see their cause crumbling, and who have to say something to justify their conduct in forcing a strike which at least 40 per cent. of the employees were opposed to beginning. All this can but confirm the general conviction that this half-hearted strike was undertaken in

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secret hopes that have proved delusive. The leaders really counted upon political influence to help them, as it did in 1900, or else upon uninstructed sentiment, or even popular hostility to Trusts. When all these fail them, they put out an explanation of their course which not only is fatally late, but has an unfortunate appearance of not being wholly sincere.

As to the statistics of coal-mining which President Mitchell proffers, we can only say that his averages, derived from Government reports, will not stand, in the judgment of the fair-minded, against the figures actually shown on the books of the companies. The latter were put at the service of the Union. Why did not President Mitchell accept the offer to inspect them, which he admits had a "reasonable" appearance? The skilled accountants in the employ of the Reading Company undoubtedly have the figures to justify President Baer's assertion that the individual efficiency of the coal-miner fell off 12 per cent. in 1901. To show, from the reports of the Geological Survey, that slightly more coal per man was mined does not at all meet the case. The Government's statistics cannot, in the first place, be held to be more accurate than the Reading's. It is a rule with careful statisticians to prefer, in many departments of production, the figures of private concerns to those gathered officially. Besides, an increase in labor-saving devices might account for the apparent increase of coal mined per capita, even with a really diminished efficiency by the individual miner. But none of these things are dreamed of in President Mitchell's philosophy.

Nor does he seem to be aware of the powerful motives the operators have for declining to submit to the dictation of his union. They wish to destroy organized labor, he cries. But there are organized labor and organized labor, good unions and bad. The evidence is overwhelming that the Mine-Workers' Union is one of the bad ones. It is a heterogeneous and unruly affair, not scrupulous in keeping its contracts, unable to control its own men. More than 100 strikes occurred during the past year of "peace" with the Union, and these President Mitchell had to confess himself powerless to prevent. Moreover, the Union has made anything like discipline at the mines impossible. The terror of "organized labor" was over the head of every foreman and owner. The reply, made to a distasteful order: "Go to ——; you ain't my boss; John Mitchell of Indianapolis is my boss!" is not an imagined, but an actual one, writes Prof. R. W. Raymond, and it represents the general situation very fairly. To ask that the operators "recognize" such a union —and if they did not yield to its every demand, they would be accused of unwillingness to recognize it, and a determination to crush organized labor—is the height of absurdity. First produce your union that is one—not an incoherent and uncontrollable mass—and it will be time to talk about hostility to trades-unionism as such.

The restlessness of laborers, their apparent willingness to strike without measuring properly either the reasons for the action or its consequences, have convinced us from the first that the anthracite operators must fight out their battle, and, for the time at any rate, settle the question at the mines. That its settlement there would settle also the exasperating annoyances inflicted on trade in other quarters, is too much to hope. But of this at least we are sure, that victory by the laborers, in a contest begun and carried on as the anthracite strike has been, would have the most serious reflex influence on the general trade situation. We believe, in short, that the kind of demonstrations in which labor has lately been indulging must be checked, unless the public wishes to see some very grave consequences in the future. There is nothing astonishing in the fact that the business men at Scranton should have organized "law and order committees" to resist the interferences of the strikers. With the Union not only forcing the bulk of these merchants' customers into idleness, but threatening business ruin on any merchant who should sell goods to an engineer or pumper still at work, the movement towards breaking down the safeguards of society was pretty far advanced. Had such application of the power of proscription been tamely submitted to, it is difficult to see where the mischievous work need stop. What, it may be asked, would deter the Union, in case of a sympathetic soft-coal strike, from extending the boycott indefinitely? If the mines could not all be closed, and if foreign soft coal kept coming in at our seaports, attacks of this sort on every one dealing with the miners, the importers, or the dock hands—or, indeed, with such misguided householders as should use "non-union coal"—would be a most logical suggestion. We leave the reader to trace out for himself the possible ramifications of such a movement. The public, it will be said, would rise, in the face of such provocation, and force the courts and legislatures to protect its rights to a peaceable existence. But it is not the part of wisdom to yield to continually increasing oppression until the yoke has become too much for human endurance.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION IN VERMONT.

The unusually spirited contest for the nomination for the office of Governor of the State of Vermont was in part the result of personal antagonisms. But its chief significance lay in its disclosure of very deep-seated and widespread discontent with the laws affecting the sale of strong drink. Vermont has had a prohibitory law for fifty years, and it has been supposed that nowhere did such a law receive more unanimous support. There are few large towns in the State, and the Legislature is completely controlled by the representatives of the farmers—themselves generally farmers. The Republican party is the "respectable" party—in fact, the only party—and it has been identified with the prohibitionist element from the outset. Whatever laws the "temperance" people demanded were enacted, and their cause seemed to be triumphant. Hence the appearance on a platform opposed to prohibition of a candidate for the Governorship who in a few weeks, although spending little money and personally unpopular, won more than one-third of the delegates, and came near winning a majority of the convention, was a very startling occurrence.

Yet it by no means indicates that there has been a change of feeling, in regard to the sale of liquor, among the people at large. There are two or three considerable towns where a majority of the citizens would probably vote to license the sale; but this would have been true for many years. The habit of drinking, among reputable people, is not increasing; those who like to drink still think that the common people should be prevented from drinking. The explanation is to be found in the nature of the prohibitory law, which may properly be described as outrageous. It is probably unconstitutional in several respects. It violates the fundamental rights of citizenship. It promotes perjury. It demoralizes juries and prosecuting officers. It corrupts magistrates and constables. It burdens the counties with heavy costs; and, in towns of any size, it completely fails to stop the sale of drink. No town, it may be asserted positively, can maintain itself as a business community without an inn; and no inn, it may be said almost as broadly, can maintain itself unless it supplies the ordinary wants of its guests. The towns of Vermont, however, are as well supplied with inns as towns of equal size in other States. In one town of less than 2,000 inhabitants three or four men engaged in the hotel business lately fled from the State in one day because of the unexpected activity of a judge; but no one thinks that their business will not be carried on in the future as in the past.

The original prohibitory law was bad enough. It authorized constables to enter dwellings or other places without warrant, and seize liquors found there. It commanded persons arrested for being drunk to disclose under oath the name of the person from whom they obtained liquor, and empowered any justice of the peace to commit to jail a prisoner who refused to disclose it. These provisions cannot be reconciled

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with the Constitution of Vermont, which provides that "the people have a right to hold themselves, their houses, papers, and possessions, free from search or seizure"; forbids warrants unsupported by oath, or not directing a particular officer to make search, or directing the seizure of persons or property not particularly described. Nor is such a law consistent with the Constitution of the United States. It conflicts with the article forbidding unreasonable searches and regulating warrants, and with the article prescribing the method of criminal prosecutions. Under this statute a complaint need allege only that the respondent sold liquor "at divers times," and it was not necessary to specify the kind or quantity of liquor, "nor the nature, date, or place of the offence."

It might seem that such a statute would have satisfied the most fanatical. It disregarded the most cherished traditions of our race; it introduced paid spies and informers; it employed inquisitorial methods of trial abhorrent to the common law; it imposed enormous fines; it enabled any inferior court to imprison citizens for indefinite periods; it even provided heavy penalties for failure on the part of the officers of the State to exhibit due zeal. Under it, offenders owning property were reduced to poverty; one impecunious wretch was sentenced at the age of sixty-seven to pay fines which were infinitely beyond his ability, or be imprisoned for nearly fifty years.

But the fanatics were as insatiable as the supporters of the Holy Inquisition. They were enraged to find that drunkards, when compelled to inform on oath, perjured themselves; that constables and State's attorneys made corrupt agreements with liquor-sellers; that grand jurors refused to indict and petty jurors to convict. Men were tried for ten offences, all proved by the same evidence, and juries found them guilty of but one. The possession of a United States license was made evidence of violation of the State law, and juries with the licenses held before their faces acquitted the prisoners. In their desperation, the fanatics overleaped all Constitutional restraints. They passed a law authorizing any constable to stop men and women on the highway and search their persons, whenever he "suspected" that they had the accursed thing in their possession. They passed another law forbidding the payment of their compensation to the officers of the State unless the judges of the Supreme Court were satisfied that they had discharged their duties with zeal. And, finally, in direct defiance of the Constitution, they abolished the right of trial by jury.

This step was taken by the prostitution of the Court of Chancery. Every place where liquor was unlawfully sold was declared a nuisance, to be abated by a proceeding brought by the attorney for the State, or by the Chancellor, of his own motion. That officer is now directed by statute to proceed, in term or in vacation, with or without affidavits, against such persons and places as he thinks fit, or on such complaints as he regards as satisfactory. "General reputation" is declared by law to be presumptive evidence of a nuisance, and the maintenance of the nuisance is to be enjoined as a contempt of court. The Chancellor may, therefore, hale before him whom he pleases, without indictment or specific complaint, enjoin him, fine him not less than $500 for contempt, and commit him to jail. And this in the face of the Constitutional provision that in all prosecutions for criminal offences the accused has a right to be tried by an impartial jury of his peers, without whose unanimous consent he cannot be found guilty. No wonder that when this scandalous perversion of our institutions culminated, as it did recently, in a homicide by a spy and informer, the wrath of conservative citizens boiled over. Such excesses, committed in the name of temperance, have created a determination to do away with the present statutes, no matter what is substituted. They are enough to make all men sympathize with the good bishop who declared that if the choice must be made between England free and England sober, he should give the preference to freedom. But the subversion of the safeguards of liberty in Vermont has not brought with it sobriety.

RECITATION OR CANTILATION?

Whether poetry should be recited in the speaking or chanted in the singing voice is matter of old debate, and precedents enough could be cited for either view. The matter comes again within the range of public interest through the recent controversy between a distinguished Neo-Celtic poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and an eminent symbolist, Mr. Arthur Symons. Mr. Yeats has proved his convictions by having "psalteries"—some simple form of musical notation for the reciter—prepared for his poems, which are now being cantilated in England by an accomplished elocutionist. Mr. Symons demurs to this method, on the ground that a musical arrangement of pitches for recitation greatly limits the range of individual interpretation. As if to confirm Mr. Symons's doubts, Herr Possart's renderings of poems to the musical settings of Richard Strauss have recently failed signally in London, despite the justly great reputation of this renowned tragedian. But this only proves that the British public is indifferent to this form of musical declamation, which, in many persons' opinion, would be a strong argument in its favor.

The matter concerns all those who find pleasure in poetry, for the chanting method promises a higher enjoyment than can be had from recitation in the speaking voice. Now it must be recalled that declamation upon a few simple modulations and with an instrumental accompaniment is no new thing. We have it for a very special use in the intoning of the church service, in recitative passages in opera, in the chanting delivery of certain orators and actors—the elder Bellew was a striking exemplar of the method. So much for its æsthetic uses, which are all, it will be felt, of a very restricted sort. Furthermore, cantilation is a favorite expedient of melodrama and pantomime. No villain pursues a heroine except to a tumultuous accompaniment; and no just, or merely repentant, person expires except to slow music. Similarly in pantomime, when the benevolence of the Good Fairy becomes too emotional for mere song or mere speech, the orchestra intervenes, and such throbbing lines as—

> "Fair Princess, I will guard thee well,
> Fear not Malvino's fatal spell"—

are invariably recited in a third manner, which can only be described as cantilation, with a close regard for some reminiscence of Handel's Largo—the incidental music. But it must be said that such effects are not greatly valued by the judicious.

Better witnesses to the value of chanted verse would be the considerable success of the recitals of Shakspere and Tennyson by Mr. Riddle and Mr. Lang, the very poignant effect of, say, Yvette Guilbert's crooning of popular songs, and the personal practice of certain notable poets in delivering their own lines. Tennyson, as every one knows, groaned and rolled out his own verse in modulations which the cynical found intolerable and the simple-minded vastly impressive. Swinburne, an acknowledged master of rhythmical English, is said to affect a similar orotundity. But most men, and even poets, are notoriously bad counsellors in their own affair, and one would be reluctant to derive a general principle from a personal idiosyncrasy due possibly to embarrassment.

Of course Mr. Yeats and Herr Possart and Mr. Riddle might appeal to the universal custom of antiquity. There was a time, probably, when all poetry was sung to tunes as simple as those which are still heard in "traditional Irish singing." In fact, the recitation of poetry without music presupposes almost as advanced a civilization as does the reading of poetry. But it should be remembered that this is a very different matter from the reform proposed by Mr. Yeats. The ancients and the Irish peasantry had quite distinctly in mind either song or speech—never a third mode which lay between the two and was used for the rendering of poetry. If the traditional ballad tunes

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are of the simplest kind, it is not to favor a theory of Mr. Yeats's, but merely because the composers of these tunes knew no more elaborate music. It cannot be too strongly urged that the real successors of the singing poets are Schubert and Mozart and Wagner—the great song-writers and opera-composers. Whenever poetry needs the enhancement of music, the composers will claim it for their own. The example of Richard Strauss's elaborate recitative compositions will hardly encourage them to revive among us "the traditional Irish singing."

Like many other well-intentioned movements, this revival of "speaking to music" is merely an amusing bit of archaism, which cavalierly disregards the reasons for things as they are. When poetry filled a large social function, was recited before audiences, and was practically never read, it naturally required the aid of music. Now that poetry has become an individual enjoyment—a matter chiefly for the closet—it has largely dispensed with melody. Meanwhile long generations of refined social intercourse have probably greatly improved the speaking voice; and in our own time, in the case of Booth at least, and in Bernhardt before her mannerisms overtook her, we have heard a declamation so varied, so subtle and harmonious, that beside it any form of intonation—anything, in fact, but the most perfect melody—must have seemed crude and inartistic. We are no longer a singing people, and the fact is to be deplored; but our regeneration lies along the lines of perfected music and of intelligent declamation, not along those of an archaistic return to outworn musical modes. Cantilation, at least, will not win us back from prose to poetry.

BRET HARTE.

An interesting and unusual circumstance to be noted in reviewing the literary career of the late Bret Harte is the survival of his fame in spite of his indifference about writing up to it; indeed, in the face of what sometimes seemed a reckless impulse to write it down. His work easily divides itself into two periods—a short one, during which he wrote a score or so of tales whose freshness, force, and vivacity have never been excelled; and a long, prolific one, during which he does not appear to have received a new impression, or to have made a new observation on life, or to have profited for reflection by the varied experience of the passing years that should bring wisdom.

The quality of his creative faculty was similar to that of a highly concentrated essence, good to produce marvellous effects in a short time, but losing its efficacy through constant use. We may plausibly infer from the subjects and title of his last volume, 'Openings in the Old Trail' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), his own recognition that, in all his life, he had had a clear vision of but one trail—the steep trail leading from the world beyond down the Sierras to the river turbid with golden sands. As discoverer of the trail, no one may dispute his claim. He struck it, blazed it, exploited it; it was and must ever remain absolutely, brilliantly, his own.

His actual discovery was Nature in an aspect always grand, sometimes awful, at a moment when her primeval solitude was invaded by a host that had cast human relationships behind, and came surging towards an unknown land, all under the sway of a devouring passion—the thirst for gold. Following the line of literary tradition, such an inspiration should have provoked rather splendid romance. So far, however, as any manifestation of the human mind is original, Bret Harte's use of his situation was original; and it is by this originality, which defied precedent and dared failure, that he won an immediate success and permanent high rank in American literature. He used the most romantic stuff literally—that is, as a realist. He presented the fact, humorously, ironically, pathetically, cynically, and always for its own sake, apparently without any desire to idealize, or any perception of symbolical value. This is not to say that his work was a plain statement of facts, but that almost nothing beyond or beneath the external fact came within the range of his impressionability. He was not a contemplative man; he had no curiosity about things invisible to the natural eye; he was not interested in pointing a way to higher things. He accepted the world as he saw it, and sought to reveal it in the most effective manner, unconcerned to censure or to praise. He was not, in fact, a great man, and therefore could not be a great writer. To be original in literature, consciously to owe little to predecessors, is to be remarkable, to be memorable, to make for one's self a place conspicuous and apart; but it is not to be great. Greatness in letters implies possession not so much of qualities that are different from the common, and dazzling, as of those which humanity has long agreed to regard as the most enviable.

Bret Harte was, for his time, different and is still dazzling. In the early seventies the American public had a taste in fiction of confirmed respectability. Vice was tolerated only to defeat itself and by way of enhancing the virtue of being virtuous. When half a dozen tales concerning a community of ruffians (thieves, gamblers, and prostitutes) dwelling beyond the Rockies were introduced to the reading East, literary conventions were demoralized, and the claims of virtue to exclusive representation in fiction were, so to speak, knocked into a cocked hat. The author, in his own person, shared the indifference as to morals that distinguished his characters. Like his Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou, he seemed to assume personal responsibility. At all events he made no attempt to evade it by interpolated sermons or by a plea that he described the immoral for the purpose of being moral. "Cherokee Sal's" baby (father unknown) is born in Roaring Camp. Outside the door, groups of men, of imperturbable demeanor, apparently passionless, grimly ironical, make bets, two to five, that Sal will pull through. But when the door was opened by "Stumpy," Sal "had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, for ever." The narrator of the incident makes no effort to improve the occasion. The chances were all against Sal; so, in a perfectly natural way, she died. That is the tale; take it or leave it as you please. Thus peremptorily he appears as a rejector of the didactic motive, and his rejection goes to show his instinct for story-telling, and allies him with such ancient masters of his craft as Boccaccio and the narrator of the adventures of Aladdin.

Though the matter of his tales was revolutionary, the form was classical. He aimed at an effect of the whole, and this he achieved by the most careful selection of detail, and probably by equally scrupulous rejection. He was not insensible to physical nature, but he used it only as a background for drama or for purely rhetorical intensification. "Tennessee" makes a desperate dash for liberty, shoots right and left at the crowd surrounding the Arcade Saloon, speeds thence up Grizzly Cañon, is captured, tried, and condemned to die; and "above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierras, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars." Similar imaginative sentences appear mechanically, for scenic effect, and can hardly be taken to mean that the author wishes to intimate a profound appreciation of the real insignificance of human tragedy. Still, in 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' such an intention is discernible, and it lends to the incident the dignity of a nobler literature.

There is every reason to believe that Bret Harte arrived instinctively at perfection of form, and that he did not proceed deliberately, in conformity with known æsthetic law. This instinct was not enough for the construction of novels or for the prolonged development of character. No more incoherent novel than 'Gabriel Conroy' was ever written. There are excellent scenes, sharply defined individuals, but, on the whole, the novel is a monument to the author's limitations and defects. The women express supremely his low and vulgar view of women and his appalling unconsciousness that the view was either low or vulgar. He emphasizes throughout his remoteness from true romance, his confusion between pathos and sentimentality, and his delight in glaring theatrical effects. He suggests, indeed, quite pitiably, that there was nothing in himself to serve as a touchstone for the representation of honorable men and decent women.

Nothing in his work has been more severely criticised than the habit of attributing to passably worthless people a single and signal virtue; but the virtue is generally a primitive one, and is rarely either inconsistent or improbable. After all, the denizens of Roaring Camp and Red Dog and One Horse Gulch (incomparable names!) were men, not brutes; and it is not ranging them with the angels to say that they stood by each other in calamity, or that one could give his life for a friend, or for a child, or even for a woman whose improprieties were flagrant. In nothing, it seems to us, was Bret Harte more successful than in saving his heroes from the heroic pose. The keynote of his characterization is concealment of emotion. Certain gamblers, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game "the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe

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shot each other to death over the bar in the front room." "Mr. John Oakhurst, going out in the snow to shoot himself, smilingly kissed the Duchess," and said he was only going as far as the Cañon. Men with a hand on their pistols, watching to get the "line," chaffed each other in miners' or gamblers' slang.

It is the privilege of creative writers whose work is based on actual social conditions, to become for posterity the historians of those conditions. No future historian of the State of California, however serious, can hope to discredit Bret Harte. Already Jack Hamlin, that lonely calculator of chances, Miggles, Colonel Starbottle, Yuba Bill, and M'liss, daughter of Old Smith, Old Bummer Smith, are historical personages. In time their story will probably crystallize into a legend—the "Legend of the Forty-Niners"—possessing authority and prestige, for ever true, as is its remote classical progenitor, the Legend of the Golden Fleece.

MR. BRYCE'S ROMANES LECTURE.

OXFORD, June 7, 1902.

The Sheldonian Theatre was crowded by Mr. Bryce's hearers beyond its recent wont at Romanes lectures. On the present occasion the number of American professors and college presidents, and of Americans in general, was noticeably large. Indeed, the resort of the learned and academical world of America to Oxford has been markedly on the increase of late years, so that if it is not already true, it will soon be true, to say that Oxford is an indispensable centre of the broadest intellectual life of English-speaking people the world over. No man could more fitly illustrate this state of things than Mr. James Bryce, who has done so much to promote a mutual understanding between America and England. Nor could he well have chosen a topic of more intimate and equal concern to the United States and the British Empire than "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind."

His lecture was too earnest and too thoughtful to admit of purple passages; and his tense manner, combined with the encyclopædic readiness with which he flashed the rays of his scrutiny now into the fastnesses of hill tribes in India, anon into the mining camps of the Rocky Mountains, passing from the Bushmen of South Africa to the Ainos of Japan and the tribes of the Malay archipelago, seemed to forbid demonstrations of applause. But he held the unflagging attention of his large audience to the last, and gave to his brief characterizations of the multitudinous home-countries of the several tribes and races of mankind that vivid reality which emanates from the mind only of one who speaks of what he has seen with his own eyes. In his introduction he dwelt on the fact that man has at last "all but finished" the exploration of the earth; that "a far more widespread contact" than other ages have seen has resulted from this, and that all the backward races are now placed "in a more or less complete dependence upon the more advanced." His subject he finally defined as "the phenomena that attend the contact of the civilized and uncivilized races." Racial difference he made no attempt to define. "Let us go straight to the facts," he said, "the facts and problems which the contact of diverse races brings into being."

His first case was that of comparatively small aggregates of men in a backward state, or of more numerous tribes whose physique was weak. In this case the backward race quickly vanishes, not always through the fault of the stronger race. His second case was one not of destruction but of absorption. When a stronger immigrant race comes among aborigines of a race neither in a low stage of savagery nor physically feeble, these may be imperceptibly "blent with and lost among the stronger and more numerous or more prolific race." Sometimes this is "not so much by mixture of blood as by the imposition on the less civilized race of the characteristic type of the more advanced." The Slavs who entered Europe in and after the eighth century have become Greeks, and the same is true, he said, of the Albanians in Greece. The race thus absorbed may be the stronger in everything but intelligence. Strength is sometimes the undoing of a people, as the case of the red Indian so often shows. "The black man," said our lecturer most pointedly—"the black man submits and survives." Here he paused to survey the enormous change that has passed upon the population of the globe through the two cases of extinction and absorption.

By far the most complex phenomena of race-contact arose, continued Mr. Bryce, where there can be no question of absorption or of extinction; the races involved being equally matched, or nearly so. Here either there is mixture by intermarriage, or the two races "remain separate, necessarily influencing one another but not mingling their blood." In the former case, that of mixture of blood by intermarriage, he found "all the great peoples of the world": the French, the Germans, the Russians. And finally, as the result of the completest mixture on equal terms and in the most various ways, he instanced the English and the Americans in the following words:

"The original source of the largest of all civilized nations, that which inhabits the temperate parts of North America, was not only itself the product of diverse sources before it crossed the ocean, but has within the last seventy years received such enormous accretions from Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia, and the Slavs of Central Europe, that it is becoming the most mixed of all the peoples we know."

Having dealt with the extinction of the weak by contact with the stronger races, and with the less drastic but equally complete process of absorption which so frequently takes place, and having surveyed the capital instances of the formation of new races by commixture on more or less equal terms of various strong races, our lecturer addressed himself to the last case of all—cases of contact without mixture of blood or intermarriage. "What," he asked, "are the causes which favor or check intermarriage between races brought into contact?" The causes favoring it he found neither in equal civilization nor in equal endowments, physical or mental, nor in community of race or language. The cause absolutely checking it he found in physical repulsion based upon differences in color, and varying in its intensity according to the degree of those differences. Repulsion to intermarriage was most absolute between the white races and the blacks. It existed, but in a less degree, between the white races and the red men. Here a personal observation drove the point home. "I have been struck," said Mr. Bryce, "by hearing men in the Rocky Mountains who would have concealed any infusion of negro blood, mention that their mothers or grandmothers had been Indians."

A difference between the Teutonic and the South European races was here noted, the latter feeling far less repulsion to intermarriage with a colored race. "Where Americans, Englishmen, and Germans rule," he said, "there is no intermarriage with the colored races, and consequently no prospect of race-fusion." Between colored races contact brings about more intermarriage on the whole, but red men hardly intermarry with negroes more frequently than do whites. The Berbers of North Africa, on the contrary, are prone to unite with the blacks of the Sudan. Similar and more extreme is the case of Morocco. The reason for this our lecturer found chiefly in religion. Potent though religion may be, he conceived it to be less powerful than color either in favor of or against intermarriage, because it cannot create physical repulsion and it can be changed. Religion in the pre-Christian world scarcely exercised a potent influence because everybody respected his neighbor's religion. Now, our more metaphysical monotheism pronounces other faiths pernicious, and will have no dealings with their professors. A distinction in this regard was here made between Islam and Christianity. Mohammedans intermarry more freely with polytheists because in such cases the wife abjures her "false" religion. But with Christians the followers of Islam will not easily intermarry. "It is religion," our lecturer said, "that has in those regions forbidden the mixture of races, and created that apparently insoluble problem which we call 'the Eastern question.'"

Next came up for consideration those cases where, in spite of the barrier of color or that of religion, or both, there is actual mixture between the white and the colored races. A third race results; does it stand midway between the two sources from which it derives? Physically it usually does, but its mental type is much nearer to that of the advanced race. But here Mr. Bryce urged that our data are insufficient. Still more insufficient, he maintained, were our data for determining the result of race-mixture such as that in progress through the contact in America of numerous white races. "We cannot," said Mr. Bryce, "speak positively as to what the result may be on the American people, after another century, of the great stream of non-English blood which is being poured into its veins. The type may remain, yet the national character may prove to have been affected." He ventured, nevertheless, upon a general prognostication as follows: (1) Two races physiologically near would combine with advantageous results. (2) In proportion as the two elements were physiologically remote, the resulting combination failed to improve on the lower of the two stocks. He instanced, as a typical instance of (1), "the peoples formed by the blending of Celts and Teutons in western Britain (Wessex), in northeastern Ireland, in northeastern France, and in western Switzerland, and the admixture of Slavs and Teutons in northern and eastern Germany. On the other hand, mixtures of

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whites and negroes, or of whites and Hindus, being cases of (2), though apparently not lacking in physical strength, show a lack of persistency, and either die out or revert by intermarriage to the type of one of the parent races, usually to that of the lower race.

Here Mr. Bryce's argument dwelt significantly upon three men of brilliant gifts constituting exceptions to this dictum (and he might have added a fourth, Pushkin, the national poet of Russia): Alexandre Dumas, whose imagination, though "not of the highest quality," was of almost unsurpassed fertility, although he was either a mulatto or a quadroon. Then, in words so unmistakably pointing to an honored American citizen that, even before an English audience it was not necessary to give his name, the lecturer said: "At this moment there is living in the United States the son of a white father and negro mother, himself born in slavery, who is one of the most remarkable personalities and perhaps the most moving and persuasive orator in that nation of eighty millions." Finally, he added: "Mexico has been ruled for a quarter of a century with equal vigor and wisdom by a man of mixed Indian and Spanish blood who ranks among the five or six leading figures of our time." These single instances, however, leave unchallenged the average result of contact by way of mixture between races of marked physical dissimilarity. "The average offspring is apt," said Mr. Bryce, "to be physically inferior to the average of either parent stock," and, in its mental endowment, falls short of the higher by a greater interval than that by which it rises above the lower. So wide a generalization doubtless required qualification, he went on to say. The Arabs had improved certain African strains by permeating them, and the like thing had happened in Mexico; but whether the net result was satisfactory remained problematical. In closing this discussion of contact by mixture between races physiologically opposed, but of fairly equal strength, Mr. Bryce dwelt upon the unquestioned finality of this solution of the race problem. Race antagonism, dangerous "because rooted in nature," could not but vanish, he said, "when the races were blent."

The remaining third of the lecture was devoted to the discussion of cases where, for various reasons carefully differentiated, contact exists without the possibility of fusion by marriage—the English in India, the Americans in Luzon and the Philippines generally, the Dutch in Java, the French in Madagascar, the Chinese in Western America and Australia, and, lastly, the circumstances being only analogous to the cases above instanced, the former slave States of our Union, where seven millions of negroes dwell together with double their number of whites. Add Algeria and British South Africa and Western South America, where the preponderance numerically of the backward races is very great, though not always statistically ascertainable. Under all these widely differing circumstances and in every one of these various cases race antagonism, arising from inequality and rooted in dissimilarity of character, issuing in distrust and helpless misunderstanding, was the danger, made pressing by the fact of two races confronting each other as distinct and unfriendly bodies. "The passions of a racial conflict," said Mr. Bryce, "sweep all but the gentlest natures away." Industrial difficulties arose to complicate tumultuous violence, and pity grew blunt towards those who stood outside the racial or social pale. Evils of this order tended to become more acute the more democratic a government became, and the more advantages of education and the like were extended to the weaker race.

Addressing himself to the formidable problems thus baldly summarized from his more eloquent and complete account, the lecturer began by saying: "That contact can be averted by inducing European peoples to forbear from annexing or settling in the countries inhabited by the colored races, is not to be expected. The impulses which move these peoples in the present will not be checked by the prospect of evils in the future. Besides, the work of annexation is practically done already." Withdrawal from Algeria, India, or Western Turkestan would, he argued, give rise to mischiefs probably greater than those in the present situation. The French, the English, the Russians, then, he regards as sadly committed to their well-nigh impossible tasks in those countries. To the Californian and Australian policies of absolutely stringent exclusiveness toward the Chinese, he gave his hesitating and regretful assent, saying guardedly: "There are cases in which the exclusion of the backward race seems justified in the interest of humanity at large by the consideration that to admit that race would involve more of loss to the higher race than of gain to the lower."

Mr. Bryce's mind, then, on one of our American questions of the hour, was made tolerably clear. Did his silence on another—our occupation of the Philippines—convey the opinion that it would be best for us to withdraw before it is too late, as it is for the French, the English, and the Russians in Algeria, India, and Turkestan? The only answer derivable from his discourse comes most uncertainly from the considerations with which it closed—from an enumeration which he gave of certain elements of hope in the future outlook. We must, then, pass over, with however much regret, his masterly discussion of our negro problem in the South, and leave out his luminous appreciations of the rôles played in race-contact where fusion is impossible by Christianity and Islam, respectively, in order to derive such light as may come from his mature consideration of problems like ours in the Philippines.

Baldly presented, and not, be it remembered, definitely addressed to our case, though it is named, his considerations are these: (1) Duty and policy alike demand that the relations should be friendly between a dominant race and a backward race with which it cannot fuse and yet must live; (2) at the risk of excluding and therefore alienating the poorest and most ignorant whites, race and blood should not be made the ground of discrimination in respect of political rights, which should be based on a qualification of property and education; (3) as to social relations, the only hope springs from a possibility that the dominant race can realize how important it is for their country's future to help on and make friends with the backward race. "Let who will make the laws if I make the manners," was the lecturer's hopeful text, and he added: "Manners depend upon sentiment, and sentiment changes slowly. Still, it changes. It has changed as regards torture. It has changed as regards slavery."

Finally, and again in a mood of hesitant optimism, Mr. Bryce spoke of certain possible changes which might conceivably affect the existing contact of races, especially in the tropics, and so make the future unlike the past: (1) The power of white races to work and multiply in the tropics may be enhanced by medical discoveries such as "the recent expulsion of yellow fever from Cuba by the American physicians"; (2) the rate of increase or decrease of dominant races may be affected by their gradual acclimatization in countries recently occupied; (3) scientific discovery and mechanical invention may largely supersede the necessity for labor in countries too hot for white men to work in; (4) some of the races now deemed backward may show an unforeseen capacity for intellectual and moral progress. The force of this point the lecturer greatly enhanced by his notable observation that the differences between backward and advanced races lie "not so much in intelligence as in force of will and tenacity of purpose," and he added: "How far these latter qualities can be developed with a developing intellect is still doubtful, for the future will bring new opportunities."

LOUIS DYER.

SOME FROUDE LETTERS.

PARIS, May 1, 1902.

There died in France, a year or more ago, one of those political agitators, once common in this country, who, under changed conditions, have now become very rare. I refer to the late Gen. Gustave Cluseret, who began life in most orthodox fashion as a regularly educated officer of the French army, but who ended his days as a workingman's member of the Chamber of Deputies. During his long career, Cluseret had been a soldier in the armies of Italy and the United States, an exile in America, Belgium, Switzerland, and Turkey, a war correspondent for a New York daily, a painter who exhibited at many a Paris Salon, a Fenian leader in England, and a War Minister under the Paris Commune, when he was condemned to death *in contumaciam* by the Versailles Government. Such were some of the varied experiences of this extraordinary man.

Cluseret's strange life, his rather striking personal appearance, his bold and often picturesque language, in which his many personal enemies (almost everybody became such sooner or later) were always handled without gloves, a winning something in his manners—all this awakened a sort of compassion for an evidently disappointed spirit and won him more than one distinguished friend in various lands. In Italy he was closely associated with Garibaldi in the heroic period, and during the epoch of our civil war Sumner, among other prominent Americans, was, as letters which I have under my eye as I write show, warmly attached to him.

But of all Cluseret's foreign acquaintances, James Anthony Froude probably had for him the greatest good will. Of Froude Cluseret never seemed to have an evil word to say, a very rare state of mind for him.

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They appear to have become acquainted immediately after the fall of the Commune, from which disaster Cluseret barely escaped with his life, thanks largely to his American citizenship. The nature of this acquaintance comes out well in Froude's letters to Cluseret, which the latter placed in my possession some years ago, and a portion of which are reproduced below.

Froude's interest in Cluseret lessened towards the close of his life. The reason for this appears in the letter which Froude wrote to me in September, 1888:

"Cluseret's book of Memoirs perplexes me. I cannot undertake to find a translator for it. The present state of society may be as rotten as he thinks it is, and may be all going to the Devil. But if the Devil is to come for it in the shape of dynamite and the massacre of the bourgeoisie, which he seems to recommend, I hope I shall be in another place before the visitation takes effect."

On June 29, 1894, he wrote to me as follows. The letter reached me on the day President Carnot was buried:

"I am interested in what you tell me about Cluseret. He used to write to me sometimes. I should like to hear what he thinks about the present phase of the Revolution. My own opinion has long been that we are drifting towards military government again; I mean all of us, France, England, and America too. Constitutional Governments are too weak to deal with daggers and dynamite. Your own people lynch the niggers for fear the courts should be too gentle with them. Carlyle said to me in 1871: 'The people are saying to the upper classes, if you cannot mend this accursed state of society, by God, we will destroy it and you, and ourselves too, and so make an end.' Society does not mean to be destroyed just yet, and, if free institutions are in the way, will end them first."

THEODORE STANTON.

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5 ONSLOW GARDENS, LONDON, S. W.,
February 10, 1872.

For yourself, I congratulate you on being alive. The interest which I felt in you led me to make particular inquiries as to your fate, and I supposed myself to have received authentic information that you had been killed.

I am an old Republican. Thirty years ago I would myself have taken my place on the barricade had the chance fallen in my way. I was a fool, like other young men, and believed that because existing institutions were wrong, they would fall when they were attacked, and that something better would at once take their place. My present opinion is, that although the something better will come at last, we may wait for it a couple of hundred years, and that the International (so far as I know either its views or its resources) would not give us, if it succeeded, a permanent state of society better than what we now possess.

The men of ideas, however, are the only members of the human family that are interesting. You, as one of them, I shall continue to watch so long as you are above the water. Whatever befalls you, your course will be a remarkable one, and you will contribute your share to the smashing up of injustice and imposture.

Yours truly, J. A. FROUDE
(The Editor of *Fraser's*).

LONDON, May 16, 1872.

I think of going to New York in the Autumn to give lectures on the Irish question. I mean to say that the political side of Irish agitation is folly, and can end only (as it has always hitherto ended) in shame and national disgrace. If it succeeded, it would make the peasantry no better off than they are at present. There is no tyrant over the poor so cruel as an Irish attorney or an Irish land-jobber, and those are the men who would be elected to an Irish Parliament. I wish to see the whole force of Irish popular opinion united to that of the English people to overthrow landlordism, and give the fruits of the soil to those who cultivate it. The Fenians, when they hear what I have to say about their false and bastard "patriotism," will be inclined to break my head or put a bullet through me. I wish them, however, to hear me out to the end of my course of lectures at any rate. A word from you to that effect, if you have any friends among them at New York, might be useful to me.

The *Fortnightly Review*, about which you ask, is an advanced Radical Publication. Many good men write in it. But it is too doctrinaire for my taste. The formulas of advanced English politicians are as stiff and arrogant as the formulas of theology. Truth itself becomes distasteful to me when it comes in the shape of a proposition. Half the life is struck out of it in the process. The *Review*, however, has a high reputation. The chief contributors are Comtists (you know about M. Comte), and in their own way stand up for the poor against the rich.

LONDON, June 11, 1872.

A time will come when you will see that the leaders of our Reform League are as hollow and futile as the Fenians. Political Reform, both in England and Ireland, is an imposture. The wider the suffrage in England, the more completely Parliament becomes a monopoly of the rich, and in consequence the more corrupt and useless. In Ireland, a Home Parliament will be equally returned by the Priests, and the power of Priests and the power of money are the two devils that we have to fight against.

The true leaders of the people in England are the managers of the Trades Unions, who care nothing for politics or Parliament, but fix their eyes steadily on the particular measures which will do them good, and wrench them by superior skill and force out of the hands of the capitalists. The upper classes are wise in their generation, and like nothing better than to tempt the masses away after political will-o'-the-wisps. So long as the hounds are on that scent, they know well that they have nothing to fear.

LONDON, September 11, 1872.

You ask about Mr. Bradlaugh. I have never seen him, but I have heard much about him. He is one of those able, eloquent men who have large influence over the masses of thinking workingmen, but are particularly obnoxious to the upper classes of society, and therefore never succeed in making themselves a political force in the State. They start the ideas which in the end prevail. They agitate; they create the materials of a considerable movement. But as soon as the movement has attained dimensions enough to be important, the leadership is taken out of their hands by one or other of the established parties in Parliament, and they are themselves thrust aside.

Bradlaugh is reported to believe in the possibility of a violent Revolution in England which he can himself lead and control. I consider this to be the wildest illusion. The reverence for rich men is so great in England that universal suffrage and the Ballot will only fill the House of Commons with millionaires. If trade failed and we had two or three millions out of employ with food at famine prices, we might have local disturbances, riots, and perhaps very great political changes; but not even then such alteration as would bring Bradlaugh to the front.

LONDON, October 19, 1873.

I have communicated your wishes to the Minister of War, and I sincerely hope that he may accept your services. The Cabinet ought to feel that they owe you something for your Paper on the Fenians; and I know them to be generally well disposed, though so weak that we can expect nothing from them which they fear might rouse opposition. This cowardice is the curse of Constitutional Governments. We can only hope that they save us from what would be worse under other forms.

The accounts from France to-day show that the reactionaries are bolder than you suppose. The Catholic priests, with the Pope at their head, are delirious with vanity. They have three-quarters of the French women at their backs. They have persuaded themselves that the Virgin Mary has taken to politics, and in this state of mind may dare anything. If, as is possible, they succeed in once more kindling a conflagration in Europe, it will be the beginning of the end. The whole system will be torn up by the roots. For this consummation I devoutly pray.

LONDON, May 14, 1874.

I have read your letter with great interest. I sympathise with you and will do everything in my power to help you. I know well how bitter it is for a man of ability and accomplishments, conscious of talent and of a desire to use his life nobly, to be cast aside in compelled inactivity. I am assured that you are sincere in your wish to be of use in your generation, as I am assured also that you have been sincere throughout your career.

But as to your present proposal.

The Conservative Cabinet now in office is composed of two sections. The Prime Minister and the Earl of Derby are men of large liberal sentiments. They are conscious that the world is moving and that they must move along with it. Others among the ministers, men of great ability also, are more under the influence of the Past, and are more keenly hostile to the spirit of Democracy and revolt against established Institutions. Among these the Marquis of Salisbury is the most prominent, and before him, as Minister for India, your application would have to be laid if you present it in its present form. I need hardly tell you that the answer would be unfavourable. Your offer to serve in Africa, while generously made, was rejected by the late Liberal Ministry, with immediate emphasis. The objections felt by Mr. Cardwell and by Lord Kimberley would present themselves more strongly to the Marquis of Salisbury.

The political situation of England can scarcely be intelligible to any one who is not himself an Englishman. Forty years ago we started with enthusiasm on the career of Reform to make a new heaven and a new earth. We expected that Political Reform would bring genius and intellect to the front and introduce a spirit of Justice into the administration of the Empire. The result has been that an aristocracy of wealth has superseded the aristocracy of birth. The higher interests of the country have been sacrificed to the men of capital, the manufacturers, the traders, the shopkeepers. Instead of a science of politics, we have Political Economy which leaves every one to take care of himself and the devil of us all. Selfishness has taken the place of patriotism. We have less ability in Parliament instead of more. The energy of the country has drifted into an insane craving after money.

Consequently, a general sense has come over us that Democracy, instead of mending matters, will, if we carry it further, make them worse than they are, and we have made a Conservative Revolution. In despair of getting any real good from the Radicals, we have brought back into power the representatives of the Institutions under which we grew to be a great country, with Mr. D'Israeli at their head, who, although himself a man of the people, has always foreseen the true tendencies of things and whom we now understand to have been right.

Whether these men will do any better than the others, time will show. For the present, the game of radicalism has been played out over Europe; each shock of revolution has been weaker since 1792. Castelar's failure in Spain is the last effort which will be made in that direction for a long period. Such, at least, is my opinion. The prevailing passion among mankind is now love of money, and while that continues, the greater the power of the people the greater will be the corruption. Witness America. I was myself a Republican through the best years of my life. I have been most unwillingly awakened from my dream.

Now as to yourself. It will be useless for me to write to Lord Salisbury. If you determine

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on making an immediate application to the Minister, I should advise you to address yourself frankly without mentioning me or any one (you are yourself sufficiently well known) to Mr. D'Israeli. You can tell him that you have made all the reparation in your power for the Irish affair by publishing your account of it; you can say to him what you say to me, and leave yourself to his candour and consideration. You will be more likely to succeed in this way than by any indirect appeal. There is, however, I think, a better way, if you are in a condition to avail yourself of it. Men in power are always ready to recognize service when actually done or begun. They have then something more than words to go upon. Why should you not go yourself to Herat or Cashgar? The Native Princes will eagerly welcome you and accept your assistance; and if you prove yourself useful in organizing their troops, the Anglo-Indian politicians will soon hear of it.

I give you the best advice in my power. I do not think Mr. D'Israeli will at once listen to your advances, for this plain reason: he is too large-minded a man to feel ill will towards you, but the Radical party are on the watch for any mistake which he may make. They would not scruple in the least to declaim against his employment of General Cluseret on every platform and in every newspaper in the Kingdom, as a proof that the sober English nation ought not to trust him. You cannot expect him to encounter such a storm on your behalf till you have done something to make yourself valued.

LONDON, March 1, 1876.

I have absolutely no knowledge of military matters. I shall, however, read your essay with very great interest, and, if I see opportunity, I will submit it to the inspection of my friend Sir Garnet Wolseley, whose name you have doubtless heard of.

I was not unmindful of you when I saw the President of the S. A. Republic. He saw readily the great advantage which he might derive from your presence and assistance. His fear, indeed, was that your influence might become too great, and that you might become a dangerous rival to himself. Yet he bears you in mind, and I shall not be surprised if you hear from him. He has now returned to the Cape to resume his duties, and will make us acquainted before long with his future plans and purposes. It will amuse you to hear that one of his immediate intentions is to carry a vote through his Volksraad to close the remarkable Gold Fields which have been discovered within his boundaries. He and his people disapprove of the influx of vagabonds from all parts of the world, who trouble the peace of the old-fashioned Dutch farmers. Do not publish this information. I mention it merely to show you what strange things may be attempted in that part of the world, and the kind of man that you may have to deal with in case he applies for you.

LONDON, August 11, 1876.

I am sorry that the negotiation with the Transvaal Republic has led to nothing; yet perhaps you are as well out of the affair as in it. The President, who seemed inclined to work with England when he was here, is now pursuing a policy of his own from which I do not anticipate any good results. He has provoked a war with the natives which all the English settlers in the country disapprove. I feel uncertain whether without their help he will succeed in what he has undertaken; and if he is defeated and there is a general rising of the native independent chiefs against him, we may be obliged to interfere. I wish the President well, and for that reason I should have been glad could he have had such efficient help as yours at his side; but he is rash, confident, and enthusiastic, and I have lived long enough to distrust enthusiasm except in those rare cases where there is sufficient dry fuel to kindle an irresistible fire.

You are no doubt impatient of inactivity; but for your own sake I shall be sorry also to hear of your joining the Turks. Turkey is a falling cause. England will not again support the Crescent against the Russians unless Germany is at our side. Hereafter, perhaps, when the Turkish Empire dissolves, there may be a quarrel over the spoils; but the time is not come. Russia will not begin, and will not again run the risk of a war against a European coalition. But you must judge for yourself.

LONDON, March 2, 1877.

I cannot yet speak with certainty, but I believe that the time is passed when you could have been of use in the Transvaal. Had the President accepted your services when I recommended him to employ you, the Republic would now have been triumphant and secure of independence. His bad success has alienated his people; the majority of whom desire to throw themselves on British protection, of course under the British flag. The Zulu King Cetewayo now threatens them with war, and is only prevented from invading them by fear of the British Government. Disordered and divided as the Boers are, Cetewayo, who could send 50,000 well-armed men against them, could burn and plunder the whole country. Though I think that it will be better for the South African States to be united under some common authority, I am always sorry to see a Free State lose its autonomy, and if the President had accepted your help, the Republic would have been able to enter the Union on more favourable terms. But it is now too late. I would not wish to see you go there, for you would have no field open to you in which to distinguish yourself. How often have those fatal words "Too late" interfered with the best intended enterprises!

LONDON, March 11, 1878.

If you really care about this South African affair, I will write what you say to the President and I daresay something may be arranged. But I gather from your letter that you are indifferent about it, nor, if you think of returning so soon to Europe, would it be worth your while to undertake a work in itself of so trivial a character. The money which the S. A. Republic would offer would be very slight; the only adequate reward which so poor a state could offer would be lands and permanent office in the Republic. The Dutch farmers are poor themselves. They spend little in their own families, and do not understand that any one can need more. It is possible that if the President carries out his threat of closing the gold fields, there may be fighting there. There are several hundred English, American, and Australian diggers at work there, making large profits, and they will not go out without a struggle. In that case the President will himself be anxious for your assistance. Let him ask for it himself and you can make your own terms.

But I trust that the turn of affairs in France will soon open a way for your return to employment and distinction in your own country, and you will cease to seek for these remote and secondary methods of occupying your talents.

You are good enough to wish to see what I have written about South Africa. It is merely a long report, submitted officially to Parliament. It is published in a collection of papers on the South African Conference laid on the table of the House by the Colonial Secretary, and is scarcely worth your looking at. I was obliged to appeal to the people of the Colony against the Colonial politicians and ministers, and I made them very angry with me. I am supposed here to have been out of order, but to have been essentially right, and my eccentricities will probably be forgiven.

LONDON, January 21, 1877.*

The plot thickens. What next? The Conservatives are Turk in this country; the Liberals are Russian. The confusion of parties and principles beats anything that I can recollect. The cloud will break in a thunder-storm before long. My own eyes are fixed on Bismarck, who alone, I suppose, in Europe, clearly knows his own mind. Many English officers will take service with the Turk, but my own convictions remain unchanged, that the Turk is a lost cause. Bismarck privately advises us to seize Egypt, which we shall not do. As a Nation we shall do nothing; and, by attempting to stand still on slippery ice, we shall make a helpless exhibition of ourselves. Is France effaced that she has no word to speak at such a time?

*The date is between the close of the Servian-Turkish war and the outbreak of the more formidable Russian-Turkish conflict, which quickly followed.

Correspondence.

RUSHING AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is much to be regretted that the long-standing rivalry between the great publishing houses of F. A. Brockhaus and the Bibliographisches Institut, in the matter of up-to-dateness of their respective Konversations-Lexikons (Brockhaus and Meyer) has at last led to the adoption of methods in the new edition of the former, now in the course of publication, which it is courteous to call annoying and questionable. In the haste of rushing this "Jubiläums-Ausgabe" through the press—at the rate of seven volumes a year—a large number of contemporaneous celebrities (the very ones concerning whom information is most sought by those who consult a cyclopædia) are simply mentioned by name, with a reference to Volume 17. Thus, merely because it was not deemed expedient to wait until the biographies could be written, the volumes are sent out into the world incomplete in a very important feature, and the disappointed reader must wait for his information until the appearance of the supplemental volume. Among the biographies thus withheld may be mentioned, at random, those of the physicist Boltzmann, the author Hermann Bahr, the philosopher Benno Erdmann, the archæologist Babelon, the astronomer Backlund, the painter Gallegos, etc. The list might be made a long one.

This defect is made all the more inexcusable by the fact that, in the geographical articles, may be found descriptions of cities repeating word for word what was said in preceding editions about certain features that have since undergone considerable change. As in biography, so in geography many articles are reserved for treatment in Volume 17, as, for instance, in the case of Formazzathal, Akita (Japan), and Arnold (England); and subjects of varied interest, such as Faustball, Fliegendes Geschwader, Eros (Asteroid), Fahrradversicherung, Färbemethoden, etc., are tantalizingly mentioned, only to be referred to the future receptacle of all of them—Volume 17.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1902.

MAGNETIC WAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for June 19, at page 485, it is stated that magnetic disturbance attended the eruption of Mont Pelée on May 8, and that "this is the first observation of the kind." On the contrary, one of the best time observations of the Charleston earthquake was recorded by the magnetic instruments at Toronto Observatory, the movement being distinctly magnetic, and not due to mechanical jarring. Being interested in magnetic work, and at the sug-

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gestion of the Director of the Observatory, I examined the curve personally, and found it to be a distinct pull to one side, and not oscillatory.—Yours very truly,

M. A. VEEDER.

LYONS, N. Y., June 20, 1902.

[We were summarizing a statement in the *National Geographic Magazine;* but the reference was to a volcanic, not earthquake, cause.—ED. NATION.]

AUROCHS AND URUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Roosevelt is probably quite right in his statement regarding the misuse of aurochs. The name aurochs, *auer ochs*, ox of old, properly belongs to *Bos urus* of northwestern Europe. The name urus was *not* the native name, but the name given to the animal by the Romans. The name in modern times has become transferred to the European bison, *Bison bonassus*, which is a totally distinct animal from the urus.

The case is analogous to the transferral of the name penguin, originally applied to the great auk, to the flightless birds of the Southern Hemisphere. L.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1902.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in hand the first uniform edition of Walt Whitman's Works, to be published by subscription; a new Sunnyside Edition of Irving's Works; a new edition of Poe, edited by Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth, and illustrated by Frederick Simpson Coburn. They also announce for fall issue 'The Romance of the Colorado River,' by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; 'The Hudson River from Ocean to Source,' by Edgar Mayhew Bacon; 'Old Paths and Legends of New England,' by Katharine M. Abbott; and 'Rhode Island: Its Making and Its Meaning,' by Irving Berdine Richman.

'Four Addresses,' by Henry L. Higginson, with portraits of Harvard's benefactor, is forthcoming from the Merrymount Press.

A very pretty little book, edited by Alexander Jessup, 'The Best of Balzac' (L. C. Page & Co.), is described in the preface as the "initiatory volume" in a series the purpose of which is "both introductory and finally selective." "Other volumes," we are told, "embracing the best work of the greatest writers of literature of at least the nineteenth century, will follow." It is to be hoped that the remaining authors will lend themselves more easily to this treatment. Balzac, less than almost any other French writer, will stand being served up in "selections"; and surely none has less need of "introduction" to the English-speaking public. The seven short stories and episodes in this book are perhaps as good as any that could be chosen, but they are certainly not the great novelist's "best." The translation is careful, though somewhat too literal to be altogether pleasing. The volume contains also a twelve-page bibliography, a brief and flimsy essay on the author's works, and a beautiful portrait of Balzac—the best thing in the book.

Had Mary E. Stone Bassett's 'Judith's Garden' (Lothrop Publishing Co.) been the first in which a clever young wife confides to the flower-loving public an intimate relation of her inexperience in gardening; her "garden-delights," as Bacon calls them, and her garden-griefs; her thrills over her flowers, her weeds, and her garden-bugs; her conversations anent all these with a miraculous husband; her successful thrusting off of unwelcome visitors, and her daily encounter with a comic gardener who is sometimes good, sometimes bad—were this the first of such volumes, the gentle reader would have found the book engaging and cheerful. But the little procession of wives who have followed Elizabeth in unstraying footsteps through her inexperiences and the recounting thereof, have somewhat cloyed our appetite; and the last book cannot be read with the zest given to the first. Nor has it the useful bits of instruction about gardening which the "Commuter's Wife" and one English consort conveyed so pleasantly and opportunely to the reader. It is prettily printed, with a cool green border design; and has the green cover which apparently has come to be the hall-mark of garden-books.

Many attempts to condense and put in narrative form the Journals of Lewis and Clark have followed upon Dr. Coues's splendid edition of this classic published a few years ago. One of the very best has recently appeared, entitled 'First Across the Continent: The Story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition' (Charles Scribner's Sons), and edited by Noah Brooks, who evidently knows well the country through which the explorers passed. The salient and striking events of the expedition have been judiciously selected and skilfully woven together, while the great mass of repetitious descriptive matter has been carefully pruned; the whole making a most readable volume of some three hundred pages. A map of the route and a rather heterogeneous assortment of illustrations accompany the text.

The series of "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance and Folklore" (London: David Nutt) is rendering excellent service in popularizing the latest results of scholarship, in a succession of neatly printed little volumes published at sixpence. A dozen have already appeared, dealing with such varied themes as the fairy mythology of Shakspere, the Ossianic literature, Celtic and mediæval romance, the Rig Veda, and the popular poetry of the Finns. Written in many cases by excellent scholars, and furnished with ample bibliographical material for further study, these little pamphlets of fifty or sixty pages may well whet the appetite of the uninitiated. The latest volumes to appear are Miss Weston's 'Romance Cycle of Charlemagne and his Peers,' Farraday's 'The Edda: The Divine Mythology of the North,' and J. B. John's study of the Welsh stories of the 'Mabinogion.'

The first instalment of a new work on Mexico, entitled 'Blandt Mexicos Indianere' (Among the Indians of Mexico), by the Norwegian traveller, Carl Lumholtz, has recently appeared, published by Aschehoug & Co., of Christiania. The Indians who form the subjects of the book are cliff-dwellers of Chihuahua, west of the Sierra Madre, with whom this author was in contact for more than five years. The completed work will consist of about twenty-five parts, with numerous illustrations (chiefly from photographs), two colored plates, and a map.

The 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana, 1847-1899,' in its slow but steady course of publication in Milan (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), opens its second volume with E and proceeds in two parts nearly to the end of F. There is comparatively little to remark in this tract. One of the most prominent native authors recorded is Ugo Foscolo, whose works fill nearly a page and a half, and are still reprinted. Erckmann-Chatrian engendered Italian versions as late as 1898, and in that year even "Fanny" Feydeau underwent a resurrection. Octave Feuillet was "alive" in 1896. Miss Edgeworth has not been ventured since 1872; and "Daniel Deronda" is the only one of George Eliot's novels accessible in Italian. F. W. Faber was drawn upon in 1897. There is a list of eleven items the fruit of our countryman Willard Fiske's versatile activity during his residence in the peninsula.

The works dealing with the Italian Renaissance are legion, but a hearty welcome must be accorded to a new series of special monographs devoted to the literature and history of this period, which has just been announced by the publisher, Sansoni of Florence. It has been appropriately called "Biblioteca Storica del Rinascimento," and is edited by Signor F. P. Luiso, a disciple of Pasquale Villari, whose studies in connection with the life and works of the humanist Leonardo Bruni are well known to students of the Renaissance. In the announcement, which has just been issued, Professor Villari outlines the scope of the series, which will deal with special phases of Renaissance life and culture, with the less known of the humanists, and with minor but significant figures in the historical department of the period. The first volume will appear shortly—Guido Mazzoni's translation of Müntz's important study of the precursors of the Renaissance, with additions by the author. Other volumes announced for immediate publication are Schiaparelli's 'La Casa Fiorentina nei secoli xiv. e xv.,' Sabbadini's 'Scoperte e Divulgazione dei Classici Latini nel secolo xv.,' and Novati's 'Francesco da Fiano ed i Primordi dell' Umanesimo a Roma.' Under such auspices the "Biblioteca" cannot fail to become a successful and important addition to Renaissance studies.

The Spanish universities, like those of several other Latin countries, have preserved the pleasant custom of beginning the academic year with an inaugural address by a distinguished professor. At the University of Barcelona, one of the most important of the Iberian seats of learning, Prof. Rubió y Lluch devoted his 'Discurso Inaugural' (Barcelona: Montserrat) to a study of the essential characteristics of Catalonian literature. The scholarly activity of Menéndez y Pelayo has done much to foster an interest in the different phases of Spanish culture, as component parts of its historic life, and in this address Prof. Rubió y Lluch exhibits the same rigid historical method and splendid sanity of judgment. A patriotic impulse must, of course, be expected in a paper read before an audience in the Catalonian capital, but the attention of scholars has perhaps been focussed too much on the life and literature of Castile, to the exclusion of research in

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other lines. A literary centre which has produced such a poet as Ausiàs March and such a scholar as Raymond Lully is not undeserving of study, and its claims have never been presented with greater force and acuteness than by Prof. Robió y Lluch.

We learn from the *School Review* for May that, at the classical conference held at Ann Arbor in March, Professor Hempl read a paper in which he made a brief report on the progress of his investigations into the early history of the Runes, the first letters used by our Teutonic ancestors. These studies have of late taken an important turn in favor of Professor Hempl's contention that the Runes are a Western Greek alphabet which came to the Teutons between 600 and 550 B. C.; and disclose an unsuspected Teutonic numerical notation. This notation reveals important facts, not only as to the character of the Teutonic numerical system and the time of the Teutonic shift of consonants, but also as to the development of the numerical notation of the Greeks. Professor Hempl's studies will soon be published in full in various philological journals.

The most interesting of the large instalment of historical manuscripts published in the June Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is Daniel Webster's answer to a request of Theophilus Parsons for advice in regard to the conduct of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. He refers to it as "a very respectable print, conducted with judgment and intelligence," but wishes that the editor, Mr. Hale, "had more disposition to seize on great national questions, discuss them, in all their forms, and awaken a livelier interest in the proceedings of the Genl. Govt. . . . . If a paper is intended to be a mere chronicle, that is one thing, but if it be meant to perform a political part, it must have discussion, spirited paragraphs, and the power and habit of presenting great truths in a variety of form. In a single discourse repetition is in bad taste. But the press cannot be effective without much of it. It must renew, to-day, the arguments of yesterday, and thus hold up, constantly, the truths which it wishes to impress on the public mind. Well conducted efforts of this kind can alone constitute what we call a vigorous press." Caleb Cushing writes from Washington at about the same time, 1840, that he does not think "there is *immediate* prospect of war with Great Britain." After stating that this country has "done all we can to effect an amicable settlement of the main question," he adds, "I am as fully convinced as you [Henry A. S. Dearborn] can be that the peace, security, and territorial independence of the United States require the extinction of the British power in North America; and to that great end I shall never cease to look. *Delenda est Carthago.*"

The Geological Survey of Canada has recently published the second part of volume ii. of "Contributions to Canadian Palæontology." It consists of a report, by Dr. Samuel H. Scudder of Cambridge, Mass., on the coleopterous fauna of the interglacial clays of the Toronto district, with an appendix by Dr. A. P. Hopkins of Morgantown, W. Va., on the scolytid borings from the same deposits. In a previous paper in this series, issued in 1892, the total number of determined species of insect remains in interglacial beds was stated to be twenty-nine, referable to five families. Since then, as a result of Prof. A. P. Coleman's investigations, several hundred specimens have been obtained, about one-third of them being available for examination. These were almost exclusively elytra of beetles, and form the subject of the present memoir. They consist of fifty-four species, only seven of which have been found before in these beds. All but two of the forty-seven additions are regarded, like those previously described, as extinct forms. The total number of known interglacial forms is now raised to seventy-six, belonging to thirty-three genera and eight families.

It is probable that steps will shortly be taken to preserve the famous rock at Dighton, Mass., whose curious markings have long been a subject of interest to archæologists both in this country and in Europe. A recent careful examination of the rock by a committee of the Old Colony Historical Society of Taunton, to whom it now belongs, showed that the markings are rapidly being worn away by the action of water and ice, and that the rock itself is being chipped and defaced by visitors and relic-hunters. Fully a third of the markings which appeared on the lower surface of the rock, in a picture taken in 1882, have now disappeared. As the rock is submerged at high tide, the problem of its protection is difficult; but as the rock appears to be a detached boulder, weighing perhaps ten tons, its removal to a site above the tide line is thought to be practicable. In this connection, it would be interesting to know more about the large stone slab which lies on the ground behind the rock, and in one corner of which appear to be traces of markings. The face of the rock is very smooth and regular, but the dimensions of the slab correspond in general with those of the writing side of the rock, from which it appears to have been taken. How the slab reached its present position, however, is unknown, nor does it seem to have attracted much attention from investigators.

—In the April *Bulletin of the Geographical Society*, Prof. R. De C. Ward of Harvard uses the Report for 1901 of the Surgeon-General of the Army as a basis for "Notes on Climatology" in review of the medical aspect of tropical climates as affecting our troops. Disregarding the distinction between climate meteorologically considered and the conditions inseparably connected with it, we recognize that prolonged tropical residence diminishes the white man's energy and power of continuous work, and, besides, makes him liable to distressing diseases which, if not peculiar to those zones, at least flourish there with special virulence. Convalescence is slow, if it occurs at all on the spot. Military service renders our troops in the Philippines particularly susceptible to the effects of the climate and to climatic diseases. A special disability is tropical dysentery, of which there are two distinct forms. One is very serious, with an acute course, although not necessarily fatal. The other is marked by gradually increasing relapses, with intervals of remission and apparent recovery. The milder dysentery of temperate climates is also found in the tropics as a third variety. In the chronic form of tropical dysentery, nine times out of ten the only hope for recovery is transfer to a cooler climate. But medical officers as such have no authority to send men beyond the limits of the command, and their judgment is not always transmuted into orders by the officer who has such authority. So the high death- and discharge-rates of the first eighteen months of Philippine occupation were in part due to executive inappreciation of expert advice. The fear of weakening the nominal strength present, and of exciting alarm at home by the arrival of successive shiploads of invalids, does not prevail now, and the men have in that, and in less disturbed conditions, a better prospect.

—Necessarily much grave sickness must be expected among troops suddenly transferred to unaccustomed fields, but Professor Ward errs in supposing that the admission-rate for intestinal diseases of 465.01 per 1,000 for the army at large represents admission to hospital. The rate is that at which men are excused from active duty, for short as well as longer periods, by admission to the sick-list. They may be sent into hospitals, but the majority are not. The soldier is non-effective for the time, but in the United States army the sick-rate is not purely a hospital-rate, but only inclusively, and, of course, it is probable that most of the sick men not in hospital are not seriously ill. In the British army the admission-rate does mean the hospital-rate exclusively, and is, therefore, not comparable with our own. So of the 465.01 only 94.83 were dysentery cases, the others being classed as diarrhœas. In the China expedition the rate for this group was 1,266.54, of which 1,041.60 was for diarrhœa. The total deaths emphasize the disparity in severity between the subdivisions of the group. These were 649, all but 84 being for dysentery; and probably, of the 84, better discrimination at the beginning would have classed a number under the more dangerous disease. In the China expedition, with its enormous admission-rate, there were only 31 deaths, all from dysentery, in this group. But a complete view would add to the mortality of 649 those discharged from the army for disability to the number of 181, as well as those who, incapacitated, remain in service beyond the period of this report. The latter would be accounted for in subsequent reports. The yearly military death-rate from disease in the Philippines of 20.26 per thousand, exclusive of that for discharges for disability, represents that obtaining among vigorous males of selected adult age, in spite of the fact that competent medical attendance is always available. By comparison, in Boston the average death-rate for males between twenty and fifty years old is but 3.42. Professor Ward has credited to a naval medical officer observations upon the China forces made by Majors Banister and Ives, respectively, of the Army medical staff.

—Fifty years have elapsed since the Messrs. Appleton copyrighted their Spanish and English Dictionary edited by Velazquez de la Cadena. The second (English-Spanish) portion of this useful work has just appeared in a separate volume, revised and augmented by Edward Gray, M.D., and Juan L. Iribas, LL.D. Old and outworn words have been freely discarded, and upwards of ten thousand added, all with a

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practical aim and for the special behoof of commerce and science, in keeping with the mission of the Isthmian Canal. The pronunciation has been represented anew in accordance with the system approved by the American Philological Association. The volume is very handsomely and clearly printed in a three-column page. Simultaneously, we receive the tenth edition of the English-German portion of Chr. Fr. Grieb's German and English Dictionary, which has been cared for by Prof. Arnold Schröer of the University of Freiburg-im-Breisgau (Stuttgart: Paul Neff; New York: H. Frowde). The etymologies, which have no place in our renovated Velazquez, are here briefly indicated, and while the claims of trade and industry are respected, the effort has been to reflect the living speech of England and America, the cultivated speech; but also the literary language from the end of the sixteenth century. This involves retaining some archaic and obsolete words, and gives the German Dictionary a complexion distinct from the Spanish. The verb *commerce*, for example, as in Milton's "commercing with the skies"; Milton's "rathe" (primrose); Gray's "plod" (his weary way), are all recognized by the new Grieb. In none of these cases is the classic author cited, however; but Shakspere's "hoist with his own petard," is quoted and ascribed under *petard*—a word occurring also in Velazquez, but without a literary citation. Again, both dictionaries have *Lilliputian*, but the German alone has *Big-endians* and *Little-endians*, *Brobdingnagian*, *Houyhnhnm*. Both have the verb *trammel*, but only Grieb *to trammel up*. The prepositional government of *averse* (*to* or *from*) is noticed in Grieb alone. In the pronunciation of *pennyworth*, Velazquez follows the orthography; Grieb the English usage ("penn-worth" or "penn-orth"). In both we find *Jingo; interviewer*, defined in Velazquez, but equated in Grieb with "Der Interviewer" (a hideous intruder into pure German); *merrimake*, but *merrimaking* in Grieb alone. Neither contains *co-education*, *intercollegiate*, or *kinematograph*. Velazquez alone has *appendicitis*, *automobile*, *interstate* (commerce), *Lynch* and *Lynch law*, *Percheron*, *tsetse*. So Grieb has a monopoly of *quid pro quo*, *swimmingness* (unattended by *brimmingness*), and *X-rays*. These comparisons will afford some idea of the character of the respective works, which will be alike welcome. The German Dictionary, in its turn, is in triple columns, clearly printed with the usual German economy of packing: *e. g.*, under *human* are lumped thirteen words, each but one of which has a separate entry in the Spanish. Grieb ends with a queer *olla-podrida* of proper names.

—In the field of Dante literature are growths of every sort. Beside the solid fruit of scholarly investigation springs up the light and airy product of impressionistic dilettantism. All of them, provided they be good of their kind, have their interest and utility. 'Dante and the Divine Comedy,' by W. J. Payling Wright (John Lane), bears new testimony to the pervasive charm of the *altissimo poeta*. The little book has a pleasant literary flavor, and may induce some of its readers to make themselves personally acquainted with its hero. After two brief introductory chapters on "Benevento" and "Florence," we have a description of the 'Vita Nuova' and the three *canticke* of the 'Commedia.' All this is in a popular vein, almost too scrappy even for the general public, and quite unprofitable to the student. In matters of fact, the information given is mainly correct, and one is therefore startled at being told that the "conception of a hell which is graduated and classified is peculiar to Dante." It is somewhat exasperating, also, to meet such unnecessary hybrids as "ante-purgatorio" and "ante-inferno." The identification of the hemisphere of water with the "southern hemisphere" is a common error; uncommon is the transformation of Bertran de Born into "Bertrand of Bearn." The fundamental defect of the work, however, is the failure to recognize the allegorical significance of the 'Commedia'; the "Inferno" is entirely misconceived. The author's attitude toward symbolism may be inferred from his remark that "those who read Dante as poetry and not as theology will not greatly care" what Matelda represents. Nevertheless, in his concluding chapter, he attempts a discussion of the hidden meaning of the first cantos; according to him, "the *motif* of the poem is the conquest of the fear of Death," typified by the wood: the three beasts stand for the World, the Devil, and Death. Here, as elsewhere, his argument is vitiated by the assumption that Dante was an immaculate being—as if the world's greatest song of remorse and redemption could have been written by any one but a "sinner that repenteth"! Two notes, on the name Beatrice, and on Dante's use of the word *bruno*, seem strangely out of keeping with the rest of the volume; they add nothing to our knowledge of the subjects. It is curious that, in a list of twenty-four mediæval Beatrices, the author should have failed to include the lady sung by Raimbaut de Vaqueiras.

—Scholars are to be congratulated when a master, after having for a course of years scattered his teachings broadcast in the perishable form of magazine articles, collects them, with careful revision, in a handy volume which the student can henceforth keep at his elbow. To this process we owe D'Ovidio's 'Studii sulla *Divina Commedia*,' the most important Dante work that has appeared of late. A similar and equally well deserved resurrection now unearths for us fifty-four short treatises by Paget Toynbee, hitherto buried in the various periodicals of three nations. They make a book of some 360 pages—'Dante Studies and Researches' (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—beautifully printed, and indexed with painstaking minuteness. These contributions to Dante lore, ranging in length from less than a page to thirty-seven pages, were originally chips from the workshop in which the author's 'Dictionary' was constructed. Containing, as they do, a full exposition of facts and arguments closely connected with some of the most interesting articles in that volume, but necessarily excluded from it for brevity's sake, they form a valuable supplement to the earlier work. Most of them deal with the sources of Dante's knowledge. Recent investigation has busied itself chiefly with the restoration of the poet's environment. What books did he know, whose lead did he follow, what were the current events, the current beliefs, the intellectual habits of his day? These are the questions that we must answer, if we would clear up the many remaining difficulties of detail in the interpretation of his great poem. Perhaps the most curious of Mr. Toynbee's researches in this line is the one entitled "Dante's Latin Dictionary"—a study of the 'Magnæ Derivationes' of Uguccione da Pisa, from which the Florentine poet derived several odd bits of misinformation. In a somewhat different vein is the interesting chapter on "Benvenuto da Imola and his Commentary on the *Divina Commedia*." The longest article, reprinted from the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Cambridge Dante Society, tabulates the differences between Rajna's recently published text of 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' and that of Dr. Moore's Oxford edition. Not one of the fifty-four studies is without attraction for the serious student of Dante, and not one has lost its value since the date of its original publication.

BUTLER'S TREATY-MAKING POWER.

The Treaty-Making Power of the United States. By Charles Henry Butler of the New York Bar. In two volumes. New York: Banks Law Publishing Co. 1902.

The immediate origin of this work of elaborate research seemingly was, and its evident thesis is, "to justify the ways," not of God, but of our national Administration, to men. If the reviewer's task be difficult, that of the reader is indeed thorny, for a few lines of text are not infrequently followed by pages of notes, so that the book seems an elaborate footnote with a modest suggestion of text. The whole is so weighed down by authority that the notes almost sink the text. The work itself is divided into three parts: The United States as a Nation; Historical Review of the Treaty-making Power of the United States; Judicial Decisions Affecting the Treaty-making Power of the United States, its Extent and Application. These are preceded by an introduction of fourteen pages, in which the author briefly and positively states the problem and the views and conclusions which the volumes are intended to prove and establish.

In abstracted form the conclusions are expressed in the following four propositions:

(1.) The treaty-making power is an attribute of sovereignty; the United States is sovereign (the Union is a grammatical as well as a constitutional fact); the treaty-making power thus inherent in sovereignty was expressly delegated by the Constitution to the Federal Government, so that, in theory as well as in fact, the Government is absolutely sovereign in execution of this power without constitutional or legal hindrance or limitation.

(2.) By the exercise of the treaty-making power, the national Government binds the United States in its sovereign capacity; and the States, as part of this national Union ("All are but parts of one stupendous whole"), are bound by action of the national Government with or without their consent.

(3.) The limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the powers of Congress to legislate on matters intrusted to the States do not apply to acts of Congress passed to carry out treaty stipulations, even although Congress would not have the power to pass such acts in absence of the treaty.

(4.) "That all provisions in State statutes or constitutions which in any way con-

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flict with any treaty stipulations, whether they have been made prior or subsequent thereto, must give way to the provisions of the treaty or act of Congress based on and enforcing the same, even if such provisions relate to matters wholly within State jurisdiction." (Vol. I., pp. 5-6.)

If these views be correct, nobody will take issue with the author's conclusion that "the treaty-making power is undoubtedly the most far-reaching of any of the powers possessed by the Federal Government." The views in paragraphs two, three, and four may be and have been sharply criticised, but the authorities cited bear out the author's conclusions; the real question, however, is as to the extent of the treaty-making power delegated to, or residing in, the Federal Government; for if the exercise of the power be proper, the results mentioned do constitutionally follow.

One cannot help wondering what the framers of the Constitution would think of the first and subsequent propositions thus baldly stated. It was their evident intention to form a "more perfect union"—the Articles of Confederation had been far from perfect; but it was generally supposed that the States were to be more than geographical units, and that, while the Federal Government was to represent the United States with foreign nations, and to have the power to enforce its rights against all members of the Union, the States were to remain in charge of their purely domestic and internal affairs. The first ten amendments to the Constitution, so nearly contemporaneous as to be for practical purposes parts of that instrument, acted as a "Bill of Rights" for the express purpose of restraining the exercise of Federal power, and the Tenth Amendment expressed this intention in no uncertain language: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It should be said, however, in speaking of delegated powers, that the uniform exposition of the Constitution from an early date has given to the implied powers of Congress the force of an express delegation, so that not only that which is expressly delegated, but also that which is implied, necessary or proper to the execution of an expressly delegated power or right, is within the Constitutional province of Congress. (M'Culloch vs. Maryland, 4 Wheaton, 316.)

The Tenth Amendment is cited as indicative of the jealous way in which the States regarded the Union, for its exact language would not apply to an express delegation, and the treaty-making power is expressly delegated. Article ii., section ii., says: "He [the President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur," and, to the treaty thus made, effect of law is given by article iii., section ii.: "The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority." To be sure, there is a formal difference between an act of Congress and a treaty; for the one is the joint product of President, Senate, and House of Representative (unless passed over the veto), while the other is the act of the President and two-thirds of the Senate present. In form they differ; in substance they have the same effect, that of law; for if ratified, the treaty has the binding effect of law, and in law it is binding upon the courts as such, and subject to their judicial interpretation. As a law it repeals a prior act of Congress inconsistent with its provisions, just as a subsequent act of Congress repeals the treaty, if inconsistent with its provisions, no matter how solemnly the treaty may have been framed and ratified. Nay, Congress may pass an act for the express purpose of repealing or abrogating the treaty, and such act of Congress is binding upon the United States and its courts, although such action may well give rise to diplomatic difficulties, since, although a treaty is a municipal law of the United States, it is a contract as regards a foreign Power, and its violation gives rise to action for its breach, from which damages or war may result. (Whitney vs. Robertson, 124 U. S., 190.)

That an act of Congress is subject to Constitutional limitation upon the powers of Congress is beyond doubt, and an attempted exercise by Congress of a power prohibited, or not delegated, or in excess of delegation, will be set aside by the Supreme Court, on a case properly brought, as unconstitutional, and therefore void and of no effect whatever, as to whole act or as to part, as the case may be. This is unquestioned doctrine since the case of Marbury vs. Madison (1 Cranch, 137). Now if a treaty is the law of the land, and, notwithstanding its formal difference, has the force of law, and if a law of the land is subject to Constitutional limitation, it would seem to follow that a treaty as a municipal law of the United States is subject to the Constitution by virtue whereof it is declared to be law and given such effect. This Mr. Butler denies, and asserts that the United States in its foreign relations is "not *federal* in its character, but *national*, and that as such it possesses, and exercises, every function exercisable by any other sovereign government in the world" (vol. i., pp. 19-20). Foreign governments are not subject to Constitutional limitations in exercise of their sovereignty; hence the United States is not.

If our Government were like theirs, such would or might be the case; but our theory and practice in matters governmental are different, and our "sovereign body" may well be, and is, restrained by Constitutional inhibitions. Mr. Butler admits that restraints do and must exist, but maintains that such restraints are moral rather than legal. It is his mature opinion, therefore, that no legal check exists upon the exercise of the treaty-making power by the branch of the Government to which it has been expressly delegated, although, as suggested, he concedes that certain practical restraints are well known and recognized. A President, for example, would be disinclined to negotiate and submit for ratification a treaty which would cost him his personal popularity or which might disrupt or injure his party. If he did, the Senate would be unlikely by a two-thirds vote to ratify such a treaty, for personal and political, if not for Constitutional, reasons.

A geographical boundary depending on the personal whim or caprice of a neighbor is not considered safe in the ordinary affairs of life, and a restraint resting in the whim, caprice, or rudimentary sense of justice of any one man or any body of men, seems foreign to our institutions. The Constitution was framed for the express purpose of interposing the letter of the law to the claim or exercise of arbitrary power, and the peculiarly distinctive function of our Supreme Court is to set aside ill-founded claim or assumption of power on the part of the law-maker. Once admit that the power exists to do the thing in question, the Supreme Court will not examine into the reasonableness, expediency, or propriety of the act; for, if the power exists, legislative discretion is beyond the judiciary. (M'Culloch vs. Maryland.) If, therefore, the treaty-making power exists, as claimed by Mr. Butler, there is no judicial check to its exercise. We hold, however, that two checks do exist, and that they either are or ought to be sufficient to keep the treaty-making power and its exercise within the framework of the Constitution. The first is clear, definite, and beyond controversy; the second is general in its nature, and indefinite, but ever existent.

It is admitted that a treaty is the law of the land, and as such is binding upon all departments of the Government; but it is clearly established that there are two kinds of treaties or treaty-laws. In the first case, a treaty-law may be complete in itself and therefore require no coöperation of Congress to carry it into effect. Such a treaty is a contract between the respective nations parties to it, and binds them upon signature or ratification. This distinction is laid down authoritatively by Marshall, C.J., in Foster & Elam vs. Neilson (2 Peters, 253), and is not open to question. On the other hand, it is laid down in the same case, and no less authoritatively, that a treaty requiring legislation to complete, supplement, or carry it into execution, is of no effect without an act of Congress, and that if Congress refuses to legislate, the treaty or treaty provision remains of no force and effect. Indeed, the treaty is not executed until Congress has passed the act required, even although the other provisions needed no act of the legislature. (Vol. ii., p. 71.)

We waive the question whether it is the duty of Congress to pass a legislative act in aid of a treaty. Such duty, if it exists at all, is a moral not a legal one, and we are dealing with strictly legal, not moral or ethical obligations. Most treaties require money at one time or another to carry them fully into effect; and as bills for revenue must originate in the House of Representatives, and as all laws other than treaty stipulations must pass Senate and House, it necessarily follows that all treaties requiring supplemental legislation, whether in form of law or appropriation of money, are subject to Congress, especially to the House of Representatives. That is to say: The treaty may be negotiated by the President and ratified by the Senate, but unless it be absolutely complete in itself and needs neither Congressional legislation nor appropriation, it cannot be enforced without the coöperation of Congress. Such is the doctrine promulgated by the great Chief Justice, and followed as the established doctrine of the Supreme Court. The President and Senate may indulge in building

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air castles, but their projects remain paper projects if Congress looms up defiant and controlling.

If it be urged that this action of Congress applies only to the second class of treaties, we may admit it without argument. The controlling power of Congress is more evident in the second class, where a treaty is suspended until legislative action gives effect to its provisions; but the power of Congress over treaties of the first class is not less real because less obvious, for a treaty is only a law at best, and Congress may repeal or abrogate it at its pleasure, provided the majority overcomes an interposed vote. The instant a treaty of the first class requires money for its execution, the House of Representatives assumes control.

But, even in the first class, there is, as Mr. Butler admits, a protection against the sovereign exercise of this sovereign power, a check ever existing and not lightly to be trifled with, namely, the fundamental principles, the genius or spirit, of our institutions. The doctrine that the spirit of free institutions has something to do with the letter of the law was not unheard in England, where the courts have never undertaken to set aside acts of Parliament in the manner with which we are familiar. Three statements (dicta they should properly be called), follow: "Where an act of Parliament," says Lord Coke, "is against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, the common law will control it, and adjudge it to be void." Lord Hobart's dictum is well known: "Even an act of Parliament made against natural equity, as to make a man judge in his own case, is void in itself"; and Lord Holt at a much later day referred with approbation to the language just quoted. If it be remembered that the lawyers of the Revolution were familiar with and quoted these dicta, it is seen that mere law as such, without restraint, did not find favor in their sight.

Mr. Butler informs us that the Supreme Court has never set aside a treaty as in excess of power; but it is evident that the Supreme Court claims that the treaty-making power is subject to some control and supervision other than the whim of a President and two-thirds of the Senate present at the vote, as appears sufficiently from the following citation:

"The treaty power, as expressed in the Constitution, is in terms unlimited except by those restraints which are found in that instrument against the action of the Government or of its departments, and those arising from the nature of the Government itself, and of that of the States. It would not be contended that it extends so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the Government or in that of one of the States, or a cession of any portion of the territory of the latter, without its consent. But, with these exceptions, it is not perceived that there is any limit to the questions which can be adjusted touching any matter which is properly the subject of negotiation with a foreign country." (Geoffery vs. Riggs, 133 U. S. 258, 1890.)

The reports contain many like statements; but inasmuch as the question has never arisen for judicial construction, such statements are, as Mr. Butler says, mere dicta. His statement to the contrary, supported as it is by publicists and politicians, cannot be given greater weight; nor can the academic opinion or dictum of a text-book be held to wipe out a line of oft-repeated doctrine. Moreover, judicial dicta have in many cases been the basis of decisions in later and carefully considered judgments. The dicta of Marshall, C. J., in Marbury vs. Madison (1 Cranch 137) and Brown vs. Maryland (12 Wheaton 419) have been bodily incorporated into later decisions of the court. And it may be said generally that the dictum of a learned and careful judge often carries more weight than the decision of many a court.

In the reviewer's opinion, the treaty-making power was conferred upon the Federal Government by express Constitutional delegation, and in that delegation all powers incidental to its exercise were included. It does not seem necessary, for the purpose of the treaty-making power, to consider the vexed question elaborately discussed in Part I., whether the United States is, or are, a sovereign nation, for by express provision the general Government is supreme or sovereign in foreign affairs, so far as the individual States are concerned. Mr. Butler considers this sovereignty of fundamental importance in the government of the Territories and "dependencies." This, likewise, seems a question of municipal, and not of international law, for the right to govern and regulate vests in the Government by direct Constitutional delegation. Article iv., section iii., clause 2 says: "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." Can it be doubted that the Congress is limited in its exercise of this power by the Constitution which conveys the power?

Mr. Butler's book is in one sense a brief for expansion and imperialism. Now expansion is, it would seem, a mixed question of expediency and constitutional power, and not one of European international law. It is no part of our problem whether a European sovereign nation, such as Great Britain, could hold and legislate for Porto Rico and the Philippines. The question is, Does the United States under the Constitution have the power? International law is indeed binding upon the United States (The Paquette *Habana*, 175 U. S. 677, at p. 700), but it is the international law applicable to our situation; and if resort be made to "the works of jurists and commentators," it is not for the "speculations of their authors concerning what the law ought to be, but for trustworthy evidence of what the law really is." The Constitution recognizes international law, but the constitutional right exists to modify the traditional international law of Europe. It would seem that the question of power over the Territories and dependencies of the United States is a mere municipal matter, or, if one of international law, then of international law as existing and modified by our Constitution.

Part II., the historical review of the treaty-making power, is admirably done, and no exception can be well taken to this division of the work. Part III., dealing with the judicial construction of the power, is excellent. We must, however, for the reasons above set forth, take exception to the conclusion that the treaty-making power is, legally speaking, untrammelled. Volume i. abstracts the Insular Cases, with the Constitution of the United States not inaptly relegated to a second place; volume ii. contains a careful alphabetical summary of all treaties and conventions of the United States concluded with foreign Powers. The ample index places the entire contents at the reader's disposal, and the typographical slips, as regards names, figures, and dates, are singularly few. The book as a whole is not only an exceedingly valuable and timely contribution to international and constitutional law, but is also the first adequate and scientific treatise on the treaty-making power of the United States. The States-rights school does "still persist," as Mr. Butler rightly states (vol. i., p. 23), and there are not a few, including four eminently respected justices of the Supreme Court, who have the "temerity to affirm" "that our Government has in any way exceeded, or is exceeding, its powers either in acquiring or in governing our new possessions" (vol. i., p. 41). They likewise feel that a denial of justice as safeguarded by the Constitution is a much more serious thing than a denial that the United States is, or are, technically a sovereign nation, to deny which, says Mr. Butler, "is to assert that the United States is not a completely sovereign Power, and therefore is not entitled to rank as one of the great sovereign Powers of the world; this indeed would be a mortifying position for a country with over seventy-five million inhabitants and a territorial area of over three million square miles."

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

When an author has already printed five volumes of poems, the chance is that "all he cares to preserve"—as prefaces say—will be, as in the case of Mr. Arthur Symons, two tolerably substantial octavos entitled 'Poems' (Lane). What will be his rule of selection is harder to say, but after a man of rare gifts has spent the prime of his life in putting the spirit of Verlaine into English verse, he must pay the penalty of his instruction. When he classes himself, for instance, with a rat nailed to a granary floor (ii., 125), or his soul with dog's meat, as in the following verses, it is hard for the reader not to take him at his own word (ii., 134, 135).

THE DOGS.

My desires are upon me like dogs, I beat them back,
Yet they yelp upon my track;
And I know that my soul one day shall lie at their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

My soul walks robed in white where the saints sing psalms,
Among the lilies and palms,
Beholding the face of God through the radiant bars
Of the heavenly gate of stars;
The robes of my soul are whiter than snow, she sings
Praise of immortal things;
Yet still she listens, still, in the night, she hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears.

. . . . . .

I have prayed, God has heard; I have prayed to him, he has heard;
But he has not spoken a word;
My soul walks robed in white among lilies and palms,
And she hears the triumphing psalms;
But louder than all, by day and by night, she hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears;
And I know that my soul shall one day lie at their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

In general, the measure of this poet's self-objurgations is so strong that the severest critic may sometimes be tempted to praise as art what he cannot commend

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in spirit, as in a poem so tender and thoughtful as this, for instance (ii., 218):

THE CRYING OF THE WATER.

O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with a mournful cry,
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea,
O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fall,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like the sea,
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

Or he may dwell on the exquisite rhythm of this, the closing poem of the two volumes (ii., 221-2):

Faustus— . . . Helen is dead
These many thousand years; but what are years?
Time is the slave of thought; a little thought
Sets back the clock of the ages; this hour that strikes
Is not so sure for me as Helen's hour.
I call on Helen: Helen is the thought
I summon with; I form out of my soul
A bodily Helen, whom these eyes behold.

Helen—Have I slept long? You waken me from sleep.
I have forgotten something: what is it?

Faustus—There is much wisdom in your beauty. Eyes
That have looked deep into the hearts of men,
When men, setting their lips on them, forgot
All but desire of some forgetfulness,
Remember many secrets; your eyes are grave
With knowledge of the hearts of many men.

Helen—I have forgotten all; if I have looked
Into the hearts of men, I have but seen
A little eager world, like to my own.
A world my own has copied; they desire
That which I have to give them, I in them
Their own desire.

Faustus—They see you not; they see
Another phantom Helen in the soul,
And they desire what you can never give.

Helen—What is the soul, and what is that desire
Of man which Helen cannot satisfy?

Faustus—O Helen, we are sick, sick of the soul.
It is an ancient malady, and clings
About our blood these many thousand years.
We are born old, and this decrepit soul
Is like a child's inheritance, that pays
The price of others' pleasure; we are born old,
Old in the heart and mournful in the brain,
Hunters of shadows, feeders on food of sleep,
Hoarding a little memory till it rots,
We have forgotten day, the instant day,
And that to-morrow never shall be ours.

Helen—To-morrow never need be ours; to-day
Is greater than the heart of any man.

Note the changing cadence of these lines and the controlling harmony of their structure. In poetic skill and the analysis of passion Mr. Symons stands at the head of all British poets of his generation, assuming Bailey and Swinburne to represent a previous generation. Yet there are times when one would give them all for a dozen lines so pure and high as this song in William Watson's little pamphlet, 'New Poems' (Lane):

LEAVETAKING.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night;
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part,
Pass thou away.

It is to the merit of both these poets that they have had their own standard, for better or for worse, and, above all, that they have not had their heads turned by easy successes. For any young poet who pines under belated praise, there can be no more consoling lesson than to observe the harm so often done by premature laudation.

Among the poets whom Professor Palgrave especially quotes, both in his 'Treasury of Sacred Song' and in the second series of his 'Golden Treasury,' is the Rev. Richard Wilton, Canon of York and Rector of Londesborough, who publishes a little volume, 'Lyra Pastoralis: Songs of Nature, Church, and Home' (Methuen). The three themes of his song are well represented, although it must be owned that the church bells predominate. He dearly loves the English rural life, remembers with gratitude that Henry Vaughan's desecrated grave was restored by the lovers of his poetry in answer to an appeal from the American poetess, Louise Imogen Guiney, and himself wrote the verses placed on Washington's tomb on occasion of the one-hundredth anniversary of his death, together with the Earl of Londesborough's wreath of oak, laurel, ivy, and yew. He also wrote for the Rev. Mr. Horder's 'Treasury of American Sacred Song' this prologue addressed to "The Sacred Poets of America" (p. 114):

As from the East unto the utmost West
God bids the banner of His lightning shine,
The flashing signal of the Face Divine
With whose fair radiance earth may soon be blest:
So speeds the Heavenly Muse, at His Behest,
Across the waters; so the spreading vine
Of sacred poesy, with clusters fine,
By Western airs is welcomed and caressed.
O ye whose sires our English fields have trod,
By holy Herbert's feet made hallowed ground,
His dower of truth and beauty ye have found;
With you still buds and blossoms Aaron's rod,
Proclaiming you the poet-priests of God,
To wave the incense of His praise around.

'A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems,' by Alfred Austin, poet laureate (Macmillan), is dedicated to President Roosevelt, and has a special and rather kindly preface to the American edition. A fatal habit of bathos has always lingered around Mr. Austin's verse, with jingling phrases which helplessly defeat their own aim. Thus, in his poem "In the Forum," where there should be, of all places, a measured dignity, he sings to us only such lines as these (p. 58, 60):

"With waves of song from wakening lyre
Apollo routs the wavering night,
While, parsley-crowned, the white-robed choir
Wind chanting up the sacred height.

. . . . . .

The saint may seize the siren's seat,
The shaveling frown where frisked the Faun;
Ne'er will, though all beside should fleet,
The Olympian Presence be withdrawn.

Here, even in the noontide glare,
The gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Go look, and you will find them there,
Slumbering beneath some fallen frieze.

Nothing is more uneven, just at this time, than the unequal distribution between England and Ireland of really original poetic genius. Fortunate is that reader who finds, in a freshly arrived parcel of London books, a thin volume of thirty or forty pages which bear the name, we will not say of William B. Yeats, but of such feminine rivals as Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). This is the case even if the book has a title no more winning than that of 'The Woman Who Went to Hell, and Other Ballads and Lyrics' (De La More Press). The title-poem of the book, founded on an Irish legend, might have come without change from Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy'; and the "Man Who Trod on Sleeping-Grass" is a perfect fairy tale. As being the shortest among the poems, not necessarily the best, we copy the pretty fancy based on the wild flower known in England as Lords and Ladies, and in America as the Wake-robin or Indian Turnip (*Arum triphyllum*) (p. 36:)

THE WATCHER IN THE WOOD.

Deep in the wood's recesses cool
I see the fairy dancers glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

But who has hung from leaf to leaf,
From flower to flower a silken twine,
A cloud of grey that holds the dew
In globes of clear enchanted wine,

Or stretches far from branch to branch,
From thorn to thorn, in diamond rain?
Who caught the cup of crystal pure
And hung so fair the shining chain?

'Tis death, the spider, in his net,
Who lures the dancers as they glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

Another Irish exile book, with similar touches of melody, is 'The Queen's Chronicler, and Other Poems,' by Stephen Gwynn (Lane). In this the most striking poem is "The Woman of Beare" (p. 80), adapted from Prof. Kuno Meyer's literal version of an Irish poem; but this is too long for quotation, while the voice of the Irishman calling from London is more modern and simple and tender (p. 24):

IRELAND.

Ireland, oh Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sand;

Lives there and loves, yet, with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

'The Hours of the Passion, and Other Poems,' by Harriet Eleanor Hamilton-King (Grant Richards), is one of those pure outpourings of a woman's heart, profound, pathetic, almost mystical—their inspiration drawn from the Bible on one side and Dante on the other—which reveal a life of sorrow ending in triumph. The most striking among the poems, perhaps, is one supposed to be addressed "To Dreyfus: from the Crucifix," as if proceeding from the figure of a white Christ on a black cross which hung on the wall of the Court of Justice. It begins with these strong and direct lines (p. 127):

"My brother! O refuse me not the name,
Our race at least, thou knowest, is the same;
My mother was a Jewess, even as thine,
And I was born and died in Palestine.
Even now we gaze into each other's eyes
Across the crowded court—no barrier lies
Between us—thou and I, and none besides,
Hold converse; and thy tortured soul abides
Safe in the hands that will not let thee fall;
I too stood once within the Judgment Hall.
Thine eyes of martyrdom still, still they fix
Their steadfast gaze upon the Crucifix.
What do they see? Are not these answering eyes
Heavy with weeping for thine agonies?
Behold the passion of thy bleeding heart
Tears in my side the dripping wound apart;
In every limb and line dost thou not know
The reflex of thyself and all thy woe?"

To the lay reader, however, undoubtedly the most charming poem will be the one that is most secular, and paints something in the English landscape which never fails to charm the American (116):

THE FIELDS OF LAVENDER.

The fields, the fields of lavender!
Beneath the deep-blue August sky,
Before the startled wayfarer,
Spread up and down in waves they lie;
So unexpected, so unknown,
They seem a secret of their own.

You come upon a sheeted sea
Of one rich amethystine hue,
Spread out before you suddenly,
Far as the dazzled eye can view;
Hid in a hollow of the land,
A purple hollow vast and grand.

Purple and purple, such a shade
As was not dreamed that earth could show;
The light and ruffling breezes made

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The purple shadow deep below:
Down in the valley, up the hill,
One soft unbroken purple still.

With white wings fluttering to and fro,
White wings of countless butterflies,
That like minute cloud-shadows go
Over the rustling field, that lies
As a strange world revealed to sight,
Where the freed souls have taken flight.

The volume called 'India's Love Lyrics,' collected and arranged in verse by Laurence Hope (Lane), has attractive titles in its table of contents, as "The Teak Forest," "Deserted Gipsy's Song," "Palm Trees by the Sea," "The Regret of the Ranee in the Hall of Peacocks," and "This Month the Almonds Bloom at Kandahar." These in sound befit Sir Edwin Arnold's earlier and more poetic volumes, but there is in them far less of the lyric ring and more monotony of mere lusciousness. It is not explained whether the poems are pure fancy or are supposed to be translations. Perhaps the one that comes the nearest to the flavor of Arnold, or even of Kipling, is the following, a poem in which the perpetual meeting and parting of the East and West is told with something approaching vigor (p. 143):

ON THE CITY WALL.

Upon the City Ramparts, lit up by sunset gleam,
The Blue eyes that conquer, meet the Darker eyes that dream.

The Dark eyes, so Eastern, and the Blue eyes from the West,
The last alight with action, the first so full of rest.

Brown, that seems to hold the Past, its magic mystery,
Blue, that catch the early light of ages yet to be,

Meet and fall and meet again, then linger, look, and smile,
Time and distance all forgotten, for a little while.

Happy on the city wall, in the warm spring weather,
All the force of Nature's laws drawing them together.

East and West so gaily blending, for a little space,
All the sunshine seems to centre round th' Enchanted place!

One rides down the dusty road, one watches from the wall,
Azure eyes would fain return, and Amber eyes recall;

Would fain be on the ramparts, and resting heart to heart,
But time o' love is overpast, East and West must part.

Blue eyes so clear and brilliant! Brown eyes so dark and deep!
Those are dim, and ride away, these cry themselves to sleep.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"

'The Masque of Shadows,' by Arthur E. J. Legge (Nutt), presents curiously the once famous poem 'Festus,' in its mingling of old and new, the Saxon name Athelstan, and the French Coralie, great ladies, revolutionary orators and ecclesiastics and Salvationist preachers, all discussing political and moral questions, interspersed with a suicide on the stage and the sudden death of the heroine, after singing the hero a song of which this is the last verse, with its outcome as appended (p. 114):

Then will your memory lose the sting,
And love, once broken and incomplete,
Will glide through the dusk with new-plumed wing,
And lay my laughing soul at my feet.
But now will I fiddle a wilful note;
My heart is tired of seriousness.
Decked for a carnival goes my boat;—
I want some chocolates—ah, one kiss.

[*She starts up and stretches out her arms to him. But even as he moves to meet her, her head drops, her eyes close, and she sinks back dead.*]

Richard LeGallienne continues the impertinence of imitating and vulgarizing Omar Khayyám in what he calls 'A Paraphrase from Several Literal Translations' (Lane), printing the result as a new edition of that copyrighted in 1897, his place of publication being now Minneapolis, U. S. A. William Gow, in his 'Drift of Isla' (Stock), offers some half-Scotch strains, unoffensive and rather pleasing; and Manus O'Conor prints a quarto book in double columns, 'Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland' (The Popular Publishing Co.), containing a great supply of Irish songs, eminently convivial, yet not quite beyond the pale of good society. Mr. W. Sapte, jr.'s 'By the Way Ballads: Being Some Trivial Tales in Varied Verse' (Dutton) has a title which most singularly conveys its precise quality, but it cannot be denied that there is fun in it, both in ballads and illustrations. Cockney humor is not the choicest of all humor, to be sure, but at its best it is quite irresistible.

The Children's London. By Charlotte Thorpe. Illustrated by William Luker, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

This sumptuously got-up book, adorned with charming illustrations, really is what its title implies, a book for children. They must be intelligent children, and not mere babes; but the book describes for them just those Sights of London most interesting to children. The Tower fitly comes first, with its memories of far-off things, of Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, warriors, nobles, priests, courtiers, whose tears have fallen on those gray stones, whose sighs seem yet to echo like a dying summer breeze through the narrow corridors and darksome cells. The little Princes, who vanished from mortal eye in these very shadows; the lovely vision of Anne Boleyn, who paid so dear for a crown; the sweet pale ghost of Jane Gray; the bright figure of Elizabeth; the courtly spectre of Ralegh—the children will see them all. They will shudder at the rack and the thumbscrews, and their young blood will run cold at the sight of the axe; and when they come to the armory, they will feel as if they were awaking from a dreadful dream. There is nothing in the book so exciting as the Tower, but the author knows that children, like their elders, have soon had enough of tragedy, and she takes her little flock to more cheerful scenes—to the Foundling (the children will not understand one-half of *that* tragedy), and then to the Zoo. Here the illustrations are profuse, and have the merit of making the animals appear interesting; the expression of the elderly elephant, disgusted to see all the buns going to the young hopeful next door, is especially good. To read this chapter is almost as good as going to the "Zoo." We are glad to see so much space given to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, but we hope that the pair of black-headed gulls from the Isle of Mousa, in Shetland, were not killed to adorn the Museum. These gulls made their nest in a sheep-walk, and, when they found out their mistake, would not sacrifice their eggs, but remained sitting, and let the sheep jump over them. If the sheep respected them, we should be sorry to think that the shepherd did not.

Miss Thorpe has wisely left most of the treasures of the British Museum to the writers of guide-books for children of a larger growth—it would be too much to expect a real child to clothe with flesh and blood those miles of stone men and women—and has devoted much more space to the Abbey, which always impresses children, to the National Gallery, and to Madame Tussaud's. "Waxworks" are to children what picture-galleries and museums of sculpture are to their elders, and we are glad to see the waxworks of the Abbey duly mentioned. Not to go into further detail, till we read this book we had not realized that London has so many sights for children. The country children, who have not seen them, will want more than ever to "go to London"; and the London children, who already know them, will want to see them again, and notice all they missed the first time. Miss Thorpe's book will leave on her child readers the impression of a kindly grown-up person, who knows all about everything, and enjoys seeing it all as much as they do themselves; and this is what a child likes in a guide.

Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The lady whose pen-name is "George Paston" keeps to the line of her former work in that named above. Her themes, mainly suited to her easy and sketchy style, require less in the way of research than of presentation, and her handling of them aims rather at the reader's convenience and mild amusement than at increase of the sum of human knowledge. All were minor celebrities, "meaner beauties," mostly of the literary firmament. From Lady Hester Stanhope "we gain a general impression of wasted talents and a disappointed life." Poor Haydon, whose ideas soared above his ability to enforce them, and whose vast pictures failed to pay his debts, often painted, according to the acute criticism of Mr. Watts, "as though, bored by a fixed attention that had taken him out of himself, yet highly applauding the result, he had scrawled and daubed his brush about in a sort of intoxication of self-glory." In contrast with these brilliant failures is the respectable and useful mediocrity of the Howitts; and between these extremes, faulty enough for censure, picturesque enough to be remembered, come Lady Morgan the Irish novelist, and two exotics who spent much time in England and wrote much thereon, Prince Pückler-Muskau and our own N. P. Willis. The German prince, soldier, and landscape-gardener, wealthy spendthrift and promiscuous Don Juan, affords material for perhaps the most interesting of these memoirs. The futile searches of this "male Ninon de Lenclos" for a wealthy spouse are material for comic opera; he preserved "carefully corrected drafts" of his numberless epistles to various charmers, endorsed, "Old love-letters, to be used again if required." Yet he rode with his King through the war of 1866, and at eighty-five offered his sword for that with France, and was "deeply mortified" when it was declined. Forty years earlier Goethe had praised his book on England, and confided to this unsafe channel his rash belief that the Waverley Novels were written on the plan afterwards credited to Dumas; that Scott "furnished the plot, the leading thoughts, the skeleton of the scenes, then let his pupils fill them up, and retouched them at the last." He seemed to think it "not worth the while of a man of Scott's eminence to give himself up to such a num-

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ber of minute and tedious details." A fellow-feeling might have made George Paston somewhat kinder to N. P. Willis, whose work, however slight, was fully as substantial as that of his latest critic—was, moreover, done at first hand, and is not without human touches and elements of historic value. That he was a figure in his day is instanced by the Boston merchant's "guess that Go-ēthe was the N. P. Willis of Germany." Much is made in 'Little Memoirs' of Willis's blunders; probably none of them was worse than this writer's reference to Willis's biographer as "Mr. *De* Beers."

In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere. By Canon Ellacombe. John Lane.

Flowers and Gardens. By Forbes Watson, Edited by Canon Ellacombe. John Lane.

The pleasure which we derive from gardens, when we do not have to do the weeding, is one of the highest and purest in this world. But when one's back is cramped and broken by the unequal struggle with the tramp vegetation which we call weeds, all pleasure dies out; the flaming sword at the closed gate is behind us, and only thorns and brambles lie before. The chief charm of Eden was the entire absence of weeds and weeding. And that is the charm of these two delightful books. To be sure, the Canon does not wholly ignore weeds, any more than he would deny the existence of other sorts of evil, but he treats them just as a Canon should, with great reserve. For instance, he says: "I am one of those who think that weeds in a garden are, within a certain limit, not altogether an unmixed evil." One's heart warms to a Canon like that. When weeds pass beyond the certain limit noted, the Canon proceeds against them in a truly cautious way. He tells us:

"I should class the plantain as the worst of all weeds, especially to a good lawn. There are many plans for destroying it, such as specially made spuds, instruments for inserting sulphuric acid or other poison into the plants, etc., and none of them succeed completely. But a complete remedy can be found in common table-salt. Place a piece about the size of a hazel-nut on the very middle of the plant in hot dry weather. Don't spread it, and don't make a hole in the plant, but leave the salt on it, and in two or three days the leaves will blacken and the root so completely perish that I have known a hole left in the grass of two or three inches diameter. This soon fills up, and the plant will not appear again. *Experto crede.*"

The same device has been less successfully applied to the catching of birds; in their case, it is a little more difficult to deposit the salt just where it will be most effectual.

It is with a thorough-going optimist that we walk in the Vicarage Garden. For a great many pleasant years its owner has been a diligent student of the attractive phases which plants present. He has also taken his favorite authors into the garden, and has then and there conversed with them about the plants which they loved. Canon Ellacombe has been a successful commentator on the plant-lore of Shakspere, but he embodies in the present volume practically little of what he has elsewhere published about Shakspere. His final chapter, however, concerns the great dramatist in a very novel way, namely, the relation of Shakspere to architecture. The book throughout is chatty and agreeable, and, so far as an enjoyable perusal has shown, free from errors of fact.

The Canon's amiable qualities are further manifest in the sympathetic editing which Forbes Watson's 'Flowers and Gardens' has received at his hands. This book, written during the last months of a fatal illness, has long been a favorite with a fortunate few on account of its sweetness and strength. It has been out of print for a good while, and it had apparently little chance of a new edition at this late day. The period which has elapsed since its appearance covers almost one generation, and it is that generation, too, in which every one has become habituated to new ways of looking at things. But there was a side which plants and their flowers turned towards Watson that must always be and seem the same to the discerning eye. The Canon says, in his appreciative words:

"Forbes Watson knew that there was nothing wasted in plant life, and that each stem and leaf and flower had its separate functions in building up the life of the plant. But to his artistic mind there was something in stem and leaf and flower over and above their functions in the growth of the plant; there was beauty, a thing which some of his books noticed, but of which they gave no account. He could not stop there; he was a deeply religious man, and he felt that nothing was made in vain, and that the beauty of leaf and flower had its functions, and was as necessary to the life of the plant as any other part of it. So he set himself to learn what the flowers could tell him of this beauty which gladdened his eyes, but which he felt sure could be made to teach him more. . . . He went straight to the flowers—for the most part the commonest every-day flowers—and asked them to tell him the secret of their beauty, and he got his answer; and the answer was that there was not a line of color in any part, not an outline in any petal, not a curve in any leaf, that could be spared or altered; every such line of color, outline, and curve had its work to do, and did it, not only in the best, but in the only possible way."

Forbes Watson's book is not silly or sickly. It is the sane record of a sound and devout naturalist. The key to his writing is this (p. 162):

"Above all things, scorn nothing. Never fear to admire old-fashioned flowers because they are spoken of with contempt. Never fear to look for yourself; to form, and slowly, if necessary, your own opinion. Scorn, in fact, of anything save moral evil, is perhaps the basest passion known to man. Nothing is farther removed from the character of a true-hearted Christian gentleman (and two sorts of gentlemen can hardly be said to exist); or, to use a vulgar phrase, there is nothing in the world so snobbish. There are many wide differences between the prince and the peasant, but in whatever rank you meet a snob, habitual scorn of others, or of any of the works of God, is the infallible mark by which you know him."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bangs, J. K. Olympian Nights. Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Beddard, F. E. Mammalia. Macmillan. $4.
Binkley, Christian. Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25.
Bliss, W. R. September Days on Nantucket. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Carman, Bliss. Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Catalogue of Poetry in the English Language in the Grosvenor Library, Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo.
Chambers, Robert W. The King in Yellow. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Chevalley, A. La Reine Victoria; Sa Vie, son Rôle, son Règne. Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 3.50 fr.
Clarke, F. W., and Dennis, L. M. Elementary Chemistry. American Book Co. $1.10.
Cohen, Dr. S. S. A System of Physiologic Therapeutics. Vol. IX. Hydrotherapy, Thermotherapy, Hellotherapy, and Phototherapy. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard. Those Delightful Americans. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Croce, B. Estetica come Scienza dell' Espressione e Linguistica Generale. Milan: Remo Sandron. 5 lire.
Dallin, Colonna M. Sketches of Great Painters for Young People. Silver, Burdett & Co. 90c.
Davis, Col. John. History of the Second, Queen's Royal Regiment. Vol. IV., 1800-1837. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode; New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. $10.
Devereux, Mary. Lafitte of Louisiana. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Dubois, E. F. Harvard University Songs. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.
Eissler, M. The Hydro-Metallurgy of Copper. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Son; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.50.
Falt, C. M. Wharf and Fleet: Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Foxcroft, H. C. Supplement to Burnet's History of My Own Time. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Gilbert, G. K., and Brigham, A. P. An Introduction to Physical Geography. D. Appleton & Co.
Goodwin, J. J. The "Sinker" Stories. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co.
Gregg, Rev. D. The Dictum of Reason on Man's Immortality. New York: E. B. Treat & Co.
Hamilton, Prof. J. H. Savings and Savings Institutions. Macmillan.
Harben, W. N. Abner Daniel. Harpers. $1.50.
Jefferson, Thomas. The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth. N. D. Thompson Pub. Co.
Jordan, Elizabeth G. Tales of Destiny. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Kinnard, Prof. J. P. Old English Ballads. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Litsey, E. C. The Love Story of Abner Stone. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.20.
Rogers, Alice A. A Waiting Race. The Abbey Press. 50c.
Ségur, Mme. de. Les Malheurs de Sophie. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45c.
Sizeranne, R. de la. Le Miroir de la Vie. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 fr.
Spalding, Rev. J. L. Religion, Agnosticism, and Education. A. C. McClurg & Co. 80c.
Stone, Gertrude L., and Pickett, M. Grace. Trees in Prose and Poetry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
The Ancestor: A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities. No. 1. April, 1902. 8vo, pp. 282. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Velvin, Ellen. Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.25.
Verne, Jules. Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers. (Abridged by C. Fontaine.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Watson, W. Ode on the Coronation of King Edward. John Lane.
White, E. E. Grammar School Algebra. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. Makers of Europe: Outlines of European History for the Middle Forms of Schools. London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.

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